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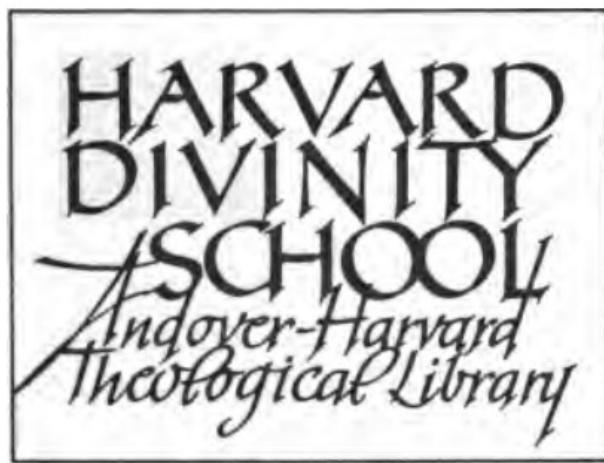
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Suppe., Hg^s. 222-238 + Ps.

THE

CHURCH HYMNAL

A

BOOK OF HYMNS

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF

The Church of England and Ireland

ARRANGED AS THEY ARE TO BE SUNG
IN CHURCHES.



NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

LONDON:
BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN
1868.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

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THE
CHURCH HYMNAL.

Advent.

S. M.

1

- 1 THE Advent of our God
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet Him on His road
With hymns of holy joy.
- 2 The everlasting Son
A Virgin's offspring see ;
He doth a servant's form put on
To make us servants free.
- 3 Daughter of Sion, rise !
Behold thy lowly King ;
And haste to meet Him, nor despise
The peace He comes to bring.
- 4 As Judge, in clouds of light
He will come down again,
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in heaven to reign.
- 5 Before that dreadful day,
May all our sin be gone !
All the old man be put away,
All the new man put on !
- 6 All glory to the Son,
Who came to set us free ;
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

Advent.

2

8. ~.

- 1 **H**ARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
“ Christ is nigh ! ” it seems to say,
“ Cast away the works of darkness,
O ye children of the day ! ”
- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.
- 4 So, when next He comes in glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then, as our Defender,
On the clouds of heaven appear.
- 5 Honour, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

3

L. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord ;
Hosanna to th’ Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry,
Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

Advent.

- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Abide in this Thy House of prayer,
Where we Thy promis'd presence claim,
Assembled in Thy holy Name !
- 4 But, chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
O Jesu, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and fit for Thee.
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy people, cleansed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
- 6 To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By saints on earth and saints in heaven.
Amen.

4

7a.

- 1 MAKER of the starry sphere,
Light to faithful bosoms dear,
Jesu, Saviour, Lord of all,
Hearken to Thy people's call.
- 2 When our nature fainting lay,
Crushed by Satan's cruel sway,
Blest Physician, Thou in love
Cam'st with healing from above.
- 3 In the blessed Virgin's womb
Purest Flesh Thou didst assume,
That to God on high might rise
An all-holy Sacrifice.

Advent.

- 4 Unto heaven exalted now,
At Thy holy Name shall bow
All that on the earth do dwell,
All in heav'n, and all in hell.
- 5 Thou, Who on the Judgment-day
Our most secret thoughts shalt weigh,
Shield us now with pitying care,
Guard us from temptation's snare.
- 6 Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days,
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

5

P. M.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated ;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before :
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
To meet their Saviour in the skies,
With joy His throne surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His Presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet Him.

Advent.

4 Great God, to Thee our prayers we pour
In deep abasement bending ;
O shield us in that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending.
May we, in this our trial day,
With wakeful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Him ! Amen.

6

8, 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 H E Who once, in righteous vengeance,
Whelm'd the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleans'd it
With His own most precious Blood ;
Coming from His throne on high,
On the painful Cross to die.
- 2 Oh ! the Wisdom of 'th' Eternal !
Oh ! the depth of Love divine !
Oh ! the sweetness of that Mercy
Which in Jesus Christ doth shine !
We were sinners doomed to die, —
Jesus paid the penalty.
- 3 When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
May His Blood in that dread moment
Cry aloud, and plead our cause ;
Bid our fears for ever cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.
- 4 Prince and Author of salvation !
Lord of majesty supreme !
Jesu ! praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem :
Glory to the Father be,
And the Spirit, One with Thee. Amen.

Advent.

7

8. 7. 4.

- 1 DAY of Judgment ! day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than ten thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round ;
 And the summons
 Doth the sinner's heart confound.
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Robed in majesty divine :
 They who long for His appearing
 Then shall in His glory shine ;
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own us in that day for Thine.
- 3 Then to all who have confessèd,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, Come near, ye blessed,
 Take the kingdom I bestow ;
 You for ever
 Shall My love and glory know.
- 4 Lord of Glory, we adore Thee,
 God the Father, with the Son,
 And the Spirit, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal throne ;
 Endless praises,
 Lord of Glory, Three in One. Amen.

8

8. 7. 4.

- 1 LO ! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for helpless sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train.
 Alleluia !
 Jesus comes with power to reign.

Advent.

- 2 Every eye shall then behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 See the tokens of His Passion
 Still His dazzling Body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransomed worshippers.
 With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !
- 4 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal Throne.
Saviour, Thine be all the glory,
 Make Thy righteous judgment known !
 O ! come quickly !
Take the kingdom for Thine own. Amen.

9

P. M.

- 1 DAY of Wrath ! O day of mourning !
 See ! once more the Cross returning—
Heaven and earth to ashes burning !
- 2 Oh what fear the sinner rendeth,
 When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Wondrous sound the Trumpet flingeth,
 Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth !
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking—
 All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making !

11

Advent.

- 5 Lo, the Book, exactly worded !
Wherein all hath been recorded ;—
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing undisclosed remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding ?—
When the just are mercy needing.
- 8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !
- 9 Think ! kind Jesu,—my salvation
Caus'd Thy wondrous incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation ;
- 10 Faint and Weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me ;—
Shall such grace be vainly brought me !
- 11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion !
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shaine with anguish owning ;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning !
- 13 Thou, the sinful woman savedst—
Thou, the dying thief forgavedst ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest !
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !

Advent.

- 15 With Thy favour'd sheep, O place me !
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me ! with Thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition —
Help me, in my last condition !
- 18 Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him ;
Spare ! O God, in mercy spare him !
- *
- Lord, all-pitying Jesu blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

0

S. M.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear ;
- 2 Our ransomed souls prepare
For that most awful day,
Incline our hearts to watchful care,
And teach us how to pray ;
- 3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That dreadful hour unknown ;
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down.

Advent.

- 4 Oh may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Still watching for the trumpet's sound
And looking for our Lord.
- 5 Jesu, Eternal Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all Eternity. Amen.

11

L. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Tells that the Lamb of God is nigh :
Come near and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Be cleansèd every Christian breast,
And furnish'd for so great a Guest :
Yea, let us each our heart prepare
That Christ may come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And perish like a flower decay'd.
- 4 Stretch forth thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more ;
Upon Thy pardoned people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.
- 5 All praise and glory be to Thee,
Whose advent set Thy people free ;
Like praise be to the Father given,
And Holy Ghost in earth and heaven.

Amen.

Advent.

12

L. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, the Light of heavenly day,
The shades of darkness chase away :
Those who in paths of danger roam,
Bring to Thy fold, their happy home.
- 2 Oh that the deaf might hear Thy voice,
The dumb to speak of Thee rejoice ;
The thankless heart its silence break,
And, taught by Thee, confession make.
- 3 O Lord, give sight unto the blind,
And join us all in heart and mind ;
Oh gather the dispersed to Thee :
Our wavering souls from doubt set free.
- 4 Those who in error wander wide,
Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide ;
Whom sin hath bruised and wounded, heal :
To all the hope of glory seal.
- 5 So they who sing Thy praise above,
With us shall join in bonds of love ;
And Thee for all Thy grace adore,
On earth—in heaven, for evermore. Amen.

13

C. M.

- 1 HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes ! the captives to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of death before Him burst,
Its iron fetters yield.

Advent.

- 3 He comes! the broken heart to bind,
The contrite soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine advent shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.
- 5 To Him Who left His throne on high.
Mankind from death to raise,
To Father, and to Holy Ghost,
Be everlasting praise. Amen.

14

s. 7.

- 1 COME, Thou Jesu, long expected,
Born to set Thy people free;
By Thy watchful love protected,
May we find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth, Thou art;
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring
- 4 By Thine Own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

Advent.

15

C. M.

- 1 THOU, Who didst leave Thy Father's breast,
 Eternal WORD sublime!
And cam'st to aid a world distrest
 In Thine appointed time :
- 2 Our hearts enlighten, Lord, we pray,
 Inflame them with Thy love,
That, dead to earthly things, we may
 Live but to things above.
- 3 So when before the judgment-seat
 The sinner hears his doom,
And when a Voice divinely sweet
 Shall call the righteous home ;
- 4 Safe from the burning fiery flood
 That sweeps the dread abyss,
May we behold the face of God
 In everlasting bliss.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God Whom we adore,
All praise and glory be ascrib'd,
 Both now and evermore. Amen.

DECEMBER 16TH.

16

6 of 8s.

- O WISDOM, Who o'er earth below
 Forth from the Mouth of God didst flow,
Draw nigh and help us when we call,
 And strongly, sweetly order all ;
The path of prudence teach, that we
 May dwell eternally with Thee. Amen.

December 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th.

DECEMBER 17TH.

17

6 of 8a

RULER and Lord, draw nigh, draw nigh !
Who to Thy flock on Sinai
Didst give, of ancient times, Thy Law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
And save, O God, Thine Israel. Amen.

DECEMBER 18TH.

18

6 of 8a

ROD of Jesse's stem, arise,
And save us from our enemies ;
And set us free from Satan's chains,
And from the pit with all its pains.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
In haste to save Thine Israel. Amen.

DECEMBER 19TH.

19

6 of 8a

KEY of the House of David, come !
Reopen Thou our heavenly home
Make safe the way that we must go,
And close the paths that lead below.
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
And save us, Lord, from sin and hell. Amen.

DECEMBER 20TH.

20

6 of 8a

MORNING Star, arise, draw nigh,
To give us comfort from on high ;
Drive Thou away the gloom of night,
And pierce the clouds, and bring us light
Draw nigh, draw nigh, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel. Amen.

December 22nd, 23rd, Christmas.

DECEMBER 22ND.

21

6 of 8s.

O THOU on Whom the Gentiles wait,
Who midst the nations shalt be great,
Thy Church's chief and corner-stone,—
Who in Thyself hast made all one;
Oh come and save, for Thine own sake,
Mankind whom Thou of dust didst make!

Amen.

DECEMBER 23RD.

22

6 of 8s.

DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel!
And loose Thy captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Comes now to thee, O Israel. Amen.

Christmas.

23

7s.

- 1 LAMB, Whose Blood for all men stream'd,
Light, That shone ere morning beam'd,
God, and God's Eternal Son,
Ever with the Father One,
- 2 Lord, remember that in love
Thou didst leave Thy throne above,
Our frail manhood to assume
In the Blessed Virgin's womb.

Christmas.

- 3 Now Thy Church, each circling year,
Celebrates that love most dear ;
Love that brought Thee here alone,
For the guilty to atone.
- 4 Ransom'd by the holy tide
Flowing from Thy wounded Side,
Joyful let us hail the morn
When the Lord of life was born.
- 5 Virgin-born, to Thee be praise,
Now, and through eternal days ;
Father, equal praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

24

78.

- 1 **B**RIGHIT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born ;
From the highest realm of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most glorious, names most high
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
The Incarnate Deity ;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone. Amen.

20

Christmas.

25

10s

- 1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born :
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
Sing the glad tidings first in heaven begun,
Of God made man, the Blessed Virgin's Son.
- 2 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang .
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill ;
This day hath God fulfill'd His promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 3 Oh may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind :
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retriev'd our loss,
From His poor Manger to His bitter Cross :
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till, changed like Him, we see Him face to face.
- 4 Then may we hope, th' angelic hosts among,
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphant song :
He Who was born upon this joyful day
Around His saints His glory shall display :
Saved by His love, unceasing we shall sing,
Eternal praise to God our heavenly King.
Amen.

26

P. M.

- 1 A PPROACH, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant ;
O come ye—O come ye to Bethlehem ;
Hail ye the New-born,
King and Lord of angels.
O come ye, and adore Him !
O come ye, and adore Him !
O come, all ye faithful, and worship the Lord !

Christmas.

Or

27 P. M.
1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
 Come and behold Him,
 Born the King of Angels:
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him Christ the Lord.

Christmas.

- 2 God of God,
 Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created ;
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
- 3 Sing, choirs of angels,
 Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye powers of heaven above,
To God in the highest
Be glory, be glory ;
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
- 4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father,
Late in Flesh appearing ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
Amen.

28

8 of 7s.

1 **H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Christmas.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, Incarnate Deity ;
Pleas'd as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness ;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Now He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth. Amen.

29

C. M.

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.
- 2 Goodwill to sinful man is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For, lo ! th' Incarnate Saviour comes
With light and life from heaven
- 3 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
“ To us a Child is born.”
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives display'd. Amen.

St. Stephen's Day.

30

8. of 7s.

1 JESU, Lord, Thy praise we sing,
 Thou the martyr's Crown and King,
 Who dost raise above the skies
 All who earth and sin despise !
 Hear us now, and as we tell
 How Thy martyr Stephen fell,
 Grant the prayer Thy servants pray,
 Wash our stain of guilt away.

2 Lord, Thy Spirit from above
 Filled his heart with strength and love;
 First to own his Lord in death,
 First to gain the crown of faith,
 Gazing upward to the skies,
 With his parting breath he cries,
 “ Jesu, Lord, my soul receive,
 Jesu, Lord, my foes forgive.”

3 Lord, for him Thy Name we bless;
 Grant to us like holiness :
 May we ever live to Thee,
 And in death have victory.
 Then through ages all along,
 This shall be our endless song,
 Praise the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

31

L. M.

1 O THOU Who gav'st Thy servant grace,
 On Thee the Living Rock to rest,
 To look on Thine Incarnate Face,
 And lean on Thy protecting Breast;

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

- 2 Grant us, O King of Mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice, and know Thy love ;
 - 3 And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in certain hope, to Thee.
 - 4 To Thee, O Jesu, Light of Light,
To Thee all praise and glory be,
With God the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.
-

The Innocents' Day.

82

7s

- 1 L ORD, to Thee glad songs of praise
For Thine Innocents we raise,
Firstlings of the Martyr band
Slain by Herod's ruthless hand.
- 2 First to follow Thee, the Lamb,
Triumphing with crown and palm,
Death shall never touch them more,
Pain and grief for them are o'er.
- 3 Infant martyrs round Thy Throne,
Thou dost keep them for Thine own ;
Thy blest steps they follow still,
Praise Thy Name and work Thy will.
- 4 With their anthems, Lord, we sing
Glory to the Heavenly King ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen

26

New-Year's Eve.

33

78.

- 1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Father and Redeemer, hear.
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength ! be Thou our stay :
In the pathless wilderness,
Be our true and living Way.
- 3 Which of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 4 Make us faithful : make us pure :
Keep us evermore Thine own :
Help Thy servants to endure :
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

The Circumcision of Christ.

34

L. M.

- 1 O BLESSED day, when first was pour'd
The Blood of our redeeming Lord !
O blessed day, when first began
His sufferings for sinful man !

vn

The Circumcision of Christ.

- 2 Soon as He treads this world of woe,
His Infant Blood begins to flow ;
Thus early was His love confessed,
A figure of His death expressed.
- 3 Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
Our fleshly natures prune away ;
Thy Name, Thy Likeness, may we bear !
Oh, stamp Thy Holy Image there.
- 4 The Father, great through endless days,
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise,
The Holy Spirit we adore,
One God, both now and evermore. Amen.

35

P. M.

- 1 L ORD of Mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Holy Jesu, hear and save !
- 2 Thou, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave man over to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Holy Jesu, hear and save !
- 3 Mighty Maker, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal Child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Holy Jesu, hear and save !

The Circumcision of Christ.

- 4 Throned above all heavenly things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Holy Jesu, hear and save !
- 5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and save us then,
Holy Jesu, hear and save !
- 6 As our hymns and prayers we raise,
And the glorious Godhead praise,
Three in One through endless days,
Holy Jesu, hear and save !
Amen.

36

71.

- 1 'TIS for conqu'ring kings to gain
Glory o'er their myriads slain :
Jesu, Thy more glorious strife
Hath restored a world to life.
- 2 So no other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 What the Lord so hardly wrought,
What His Blood so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say !
Shall we madly cast away ?
- 4 Rather, gladly for That Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

The Circumcision of Christ.

- 5 Jesu, Thou dost condescend
To be called the sinners' Friend ;
Ours then let it always be
Thus to make our boast of Thee.
- 6 Glory to the Heavenly King,
Glory, men and angels, sing ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.
-

The Epiphany.

87

S. M

- 1 LIGHT of the anxious heart,
Jesu, Thy suppliants cheer ;
Bid Thou the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy brightness here.
- 2 Happy the man whose breast
Thou makest Thine abode ;
Sweet Light that with the pure will rest,
For they shall see there God.
- 3 Brightness of God above,
Light of the world below,
Within our hearts implant Thy love,
That we that love may know.
- 4 To lowly minds revealed,
Our Saviour, we adore ;
Like tribute to the Father yield,
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

The Epiphany.

38

7s.

- 1 **H**AIL the day, when in the sky
Shone the Dayspring from on high :
When the Star from heaven display'd
Where the Holy Child was laid.
- 2 Onward moving, that bright flame
Did the Saviour's Birth proclaim ;
And the Gentiles came to bring
Offerings to their Infant King.
- 3 Lord of Heaven ! O may Thy light
Shine upon our darken'd sight,
Till it guide us to the rest
Where Thy people shall be blest.
- 4 May it light us on the road,
Leading to the Throne of God ;
And our offering then shall be
Hearts devoted, Lord, to Thee.
- 5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, now to Thee we raise ;
Praise to Thee, O Christ our King,
And the Holy Ghost, we sing. Amen.

39

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Wise Men, Lord, to Thee are brought,
To Thee Whom saints and prophets sought :
Their offerings Thee their God confess :
Their eyes the Light Eternal bless.
- 2 O meek and Holy Lamb ! to Thee
Let men and angels bow the knee :
Our flesh to sanctify and save,
Thou dost descend to Jordan's wave.

21

The Epiphany.

- 3 Lo ! in her blest and joyful hour,
Cana beheld, O Lord, Thy power !
The water chang'd to wine doth show
That Thou art God with us below.
- 4 O Blessed Jesu ! let Thy might
Appear in all the heathen's sight :
Let all the earth confess Thy Name,
Now and for evermore the same.
- 5 Be everlasting glory Thine,
O Word made flesh, O Word divine ;
To God the Father glory be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

40

78

- 1 L O, the Gentiles bend the knee,
Sun of Righteousness, to Thee ,
Farthest realms of distant kings
Own the healing of Thy wings.
- 2 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.
- 3 Hail the Day-spring from on high,
Pouring light on mortal eye ;
See it chase the shades away,
Breaking into perfect day.
- 4 Sing, ye morning-stars ; again
God descends on earth to reign ;
Praise and blessing never cease :
Hail the reign of truth and peace !
- 5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Praise to Thee, O Christ, our King,
And the Holy Ghost, we sing Amen.

The Epiphany.

41

148th.

- 1 **A** RISE, O Lord, and shine,
 In all Thy saving might,
 And prosper each design
 To spread Thy glorious light ;
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth Thy truth may know.
- 2 Bring distant nations near,
 To sing Thy glorious praise ;
 Let every people hear,
 And learn Thy holy ways !
 Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
 And govern by Thy righteous laws !
- 3 Put forth Thy glorious power,
 That Gentiles all may see,
 And Earth present her store
 In converts born to Thee :
 God, our own God, His Church shall bless,
 And earth be fill'd with righteousness.
- 4 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be address ;
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 All glory give to God our King. Amen.

42

78

- 1 **G**LORY to th' Eternal Son !
 Far as earth and heaven extend,
 Let creation hail its King,
 And in adoration bend.

C

22

The Epiphany.

- 2 Lo! the Maker of the world
 Now Incarnate deigns to be ;
Clothed in Flesh, our flesh He comes
 From the curse of sin to free.
- 3 He, Who in the Father's Breast
 Dwelt before the worlds were made,
Now an infant's form assumes,
 Helpless in a manger laid.
- 4 He, Who throned in clouds shall come,
 Judge Eternal, from above,
From His cradle calls, and asks,
 By His own, His people's love.
- 5 To the Father laud and praise ;
 Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee ;
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

43

8.7.

- 1 HAIL, Thou Source of every blessing,
 Sovereign Father of mankind !
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
 To Thy courts admission find.
- 2 Gratefully we bend before Thee ;
 In Thy Church obtain a place ;
Now, by faith, behold Thy glory,
 Praise Thy name, and sing Thy grace.
- 3 Hail, Thou ever-blessed Saviour !
 Gentiles now their offerings bring ;
In Thy temple seek Thy favour ;
 Worship Thee, their Lord and King.

The Epiphany.

- 4 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
 Live devoted to Thy praise ;
Glorious realms of bliss inherit ;
 Grateful anthems ever raise.
- 5 Unto Thee, O Blessed Jesu !
 Father, Spirit, unto Thee,
Now we raise the glad hosanna,
 And, adoring, bend the knee. Amen.

44

6 of 8.7.

- 1 **A** LLÉLUIA ! song of gladness,
 Voice of everlasting joy ;
Alleluia ! sound the sweetest
 Heard among the choir on high,
Hymning in God's blissful mansion
 Day and night incessantly.
- 2 Alleluia ! Church victorious,
 Thou may'st lift the joyful strain !
Alleluia ! songs of triumph
 Well befit the ransom'd train !
Faint and feeble are our praises,
 While in exile we remain.
- 3 Alleluia ! songs of gladness
 Suit not now our souls forlorn ;
Alleluia ! sounds of sadness
 Midst our joyous strains are borne :
For in this dark world of sorrow
 We with tears our sins must mourn.
- 4 Praises with our prayers uniting,
 Hear us blessed Trinity ;
Bring us to Thy blissful Presence,
 There the Paschal Lamb to see ;
There to Thee our Alleluia
 Singing everlasting. Amen.

45

- 1 JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflowed
A dearer Name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.
- 3 Of penitents sole Hope and Stay,
To wandering sinners kind,
To those who seek Thou art the Way,
But what to those who find ?
- 4 No tongue of man hath power to tell,
No written words can prove ;
But he who loveth knoweth well
What Jesus 'tis to love.
- 5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.
- 6 O Blessed Jesu, Who Thyself
To Gentile hearts hast shown,
Thee, with the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost, we own ! Amen.

16

- 1 O JESU ! King most wonderful !
Thou Conqueror renown'd !
Thou Sweetness most unspeakable !
In Whom all joys are found.

The Epiphany.

- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesu ! Light of all below !
Thou Source of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joy we know,
All that our souls desire ;
- 4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore ;
And, loving Thee, itself inflame
To love Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever may our life express
The image of Thine Own.
- 6 O Blessed Jesu, Who Thyself
To Gentile hearts hast shown,
Thee, with the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost, we own. Amen.

- 1 H O L Y Jesu ! Saviour blest !
When by passion strong possest,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way.
- 2 Holy Jesu ! when like night
Error dims our clouded sight,
Through the mist of sin to shine,
Thou dost rise, the Truth divine !

The Epiphany.

- 3 Holy Jesu ! when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
And His glorious presence see,
Jesu ! he must come by Thee.
- 5 Channel of the Father's grace !
Image of the Father's Face !
Saviour blest ! Incarnate Son !
With the Father Thou art One. Amen.

- 1 GIVER of each perfect gift !
By Thy cleansing mercy heal'd,
Up to Thee our souls we lift,
And to Thee our bodies yield.
- 2 Now our sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through Thy Son ;
In Thee may we ever live,
In us may Thy will be done ;
- 3 Meet it is, and just and right,
Wholly Thine that we should be,
In Thy sacred word delight,
Now and through eternity.
- 4 O that every deed and word
May proclaim how good Thou art ;
Holiness unto the Lord
Still be written on each heart !

The Epiphany.

5 Father, to our prayer give heed;
Hear us, O co-equal Son;
Hear us, blessed Comforter,
Ever Three and ever One. Amen.

49

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 To Him shall fervent prayer be made,
To Him by princes honour paid;
To His blest Name shall incense rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Shall praise His love in sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns—
With joy the captive bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Be everlasting glory Thine,
O Word made Flesh, O Word divine;
To God the Father glory be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

50

8. 7.

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's Glory!
God of God, and Light of Light!
Scatter with Thy perfect knowledge
All the shadows from our sight.

The Epiphany.

When our eyes grow dim and weary
May our souls on Thee depend,
Who with Thy right hand vouchsafest
All Thy faithful to defend.

3 When the body's feeble nature
Bows oppress'd by grief and pain,
Help our souls to rise uninjured,
Soaring up to Thee again.

4 Only Hope of man's salvation !
Hear us—help us, when we pray ;
Those, whom Thou by death hast purchased,
Cast not in Thy wrath away.

5 Praise and worship to the Father,
Praise and worship to the Son,
Praise and worship to the Spirit,
Now and evermore be done. Amen.

51

C. M.

1 O JESU ! Thou the Glory art
Of angel-worlds above ;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2 Jesu ! in mercy hear the sighs
Breath'd to Thee day and night ;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
Our Joy, our Hope, our Light !

3 Grant us to love Thee endlessly,
For nought but Thee to strive ;
And wholly to ourselves to die,
That we to Thee may live.

4 O Blessed Jesu, Who Thyself
To Gentile hearts hast shown,
Thee, with the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost, we own. Amen.

Septuagesima.

52

C. M.

- 1 MAKER of earth, to Thee alone
Perpetual rest belongs,
And the bright choirs around Thy Throne,
Pour forth their endless songs:
- 2 But we, as sinless now no more,
Are doomed to toil and pain—
Yet exiles on an alien shore
May sing the heav'ly strain.
- 3 Father, Whose promise binds Thee still
To make the captive free,
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
That banish us from Thee;
- 4 And, mourning, grant us faith to rest
Upon Thy love and care:
Till Thou restore us, with the blest
The joys of heaven to share.
- 5 O God the Father, with the Son,
And with the Holy Ghost,
To Thee be praise, great Three in One,
From Thy created host. Amen.

53

C. M.

- 1 O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home;

Septuagesima.

- 2 Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
 Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
They pass forgotten, as a dream
 Flies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our Help in ages past,
 Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal Home. Amen.

Sextagesima.

- 1 IN Thine Image Thou didst make us,
 Great Creator, God of Love ;
When we fell, Thy Mercy sent us
 Blest redemption from above :
For Thy Love, O may we be
Thine to all eternity !

Sexagesima.

- 2 Saviour, Thou for us Incarnate
Suffering pains no tongue can tell,
By Thy Cross mankind hast rescued
From the power of sin and hell:
For Thy Love, O may we be
Thine to all eternity !
- 3 By Thy Spirit new-created
Unto holiness and peace,
May Thy Light and Truth instruct us,
Lead us on from grace to grace,
Till in heaven at length we be
Made in glory like to Thee.
- 4 Glory to the great Creator,—
God the Father, with the Son,
And the pure life-giving Spirit,—
One in Three and Three in One :
For Thy love, O may we be
Thine to all eternity. Amen.

55

L. M.

- 1 JESU, Creator of the world !
Of all mankind Redeemer blest !
True God of God ! in Whom we see
The Father's Image clear express'd !
- 2 Thee, Saviour, love alone constrain'd
To make our mortal-flesh Thine Own ;
Thou as a second Adam cam'st,
For the first Adam to atone.
- 3 That self-same Love, Which made the sky,
Which made the sea, and stars, and earth,
Took pity on our misery,
And broke the bondage of our birth.

Sexagesima.

- 4 O Jesu ! in Thy breast divine
That self-same Love doth ever glow ;
For ever, mercy to mankind
Shall from that ceaseless fountain flow.
- 5 For this Thy pierced and wounded Heart
Pour'd forth the Water and the Blood,
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And reconcile the world to God.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,
All praise, and power, and glory be,
With Thee, O Holy Conforter,
Through time and through eternity. Amen

Quinquagesima.

56

8. 8 6.

- 1 G REAT Mover of all hearts, Whose Hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their calling to fulfil.
- 2 Faith, hope, and love, here weave one chain ;
But love alone shall then remain
When this short day is gone :
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light !
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright,
With all our labours done ?
- 3 We sow 'midst dangers here, and tears ;
There, the glad hand the harvest bears
Which here in grief hath sown ;

Quinquagesima.

Great Three in One ! the increase give,
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown !

- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heavens triumphant host
 And saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
 When time shall be no more. Amen.

- 1 C REATOR of mankind,
 Thy promis'd help we claim,
That so our life Thou may'st not find
 Unworthy of our name.
- 2 If Thou Thy grace deny,
 We cannot rightly strive ;
In Thee alone to sin we die,
 In Thee alone we live.
- 3 Our goings, Lord, uphold,
 Till this dark vale be pass'd ;
Till through temptations manifold
 We reach Thy rest at last ;
- 4 That happy, peaceful rest,
 Prepar'd for saints above !
Where they with all Thy joys are bless'd,
 And drink Thy streams of love.
- 5 O Trinity divine,
 To Thee our hearts we raise ;
May we with Saints in glory shine,
 And share their songs of praise ! Amen.

Ash-Wednesday.

58

C. M.

1. ONCE more the solemn Season calls
 A holy fast to keep ;
And now within the sacred walls
 Let priest and people weep.
2. But come not thou with tears alone,
 Or outward form of prayer ;
But let it in thy heart be known
 That penitence is there.
3. Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
 God asketh not of thee ;
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
 In true humility.
4. Oh ! let us then, with heartfelt grief,
 Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
 And stay th' uplifted rod.
5. O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
 To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
 And grace to turn indeed.
6. Bless'd Three in One, with grief sincere,
 To Thee we humbly pray,
That fruits of mercy may appear
 To bless our fasting day. Amen.

Lent.

59

C. M.

- 1 CHRIST leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before:
Whoever to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this Door.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be?
- 3 Then shall we end our sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant Saints
That sing Thine endless praise.
- 4 Our knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
Enough for us that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with Him.
- 5 To Christ, who came to save the lost,
And lead us back to heaven,
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Be praise for ever given. Amen.

60

73

- 1 LORD, we listen to Thy call,
Low before Thy throne to fall,
And with holy prayer and fast
Mourn the evil of the past.

Lent.

- 2 Thou, Whose power can melt the stone,
 Make the hardest sinner groan,
 Ere that fast-approaching day,
 When too late for grace to pray.
- 3 Lord, assist the souls that faint
 Now would break sin's fatal chain ;
 Oft have we renewed our fall,
 But Thou, Lord, hast died for all.
- 4 If through suffering be the road,
 Bring us still to Thine abode,
 Where, in heaven's eternal day,
 Thou shalt wipe all tears away.
- 5 Lord, Thy blessing we implore ;
 Save us now and evermore ;
 Hear, O Father ! hear, O Son !
 Hear, O Spirit ! Three in One. Amen.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, hear !
 Before Thy throne we weep,
 O strengthen us with grace divine,
 This sacred Lent to keep.
- 2 Searcher of hearts, Who dost
 Our wants and weakness know,
 To Thee with prayers and tears we turn,
 To us Thy mercy show.
- 3 Much have we sinned, O Lord,
 But we our guilt deplore ;
 Oh ! for the praise of Thy Great Name,
 Our souls to health restore.

Lent.

- 4 And while by fasts we strive
The body to control,
Grant us to curb each thought of sin,
And purify the soul.
- 5 To God the Son, Who came
Lost sinners to restore,
To Father, and to Holy Ghost,
Be glory evermore. Amen.

62

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From us who lowly lie,
Lamenting sore our sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.
- 2 Thy mercy's gates are open wide
To those who mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord !
But let us enter in.
- 3 Therefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee :
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee,
- 4 So come we to Thy mercy's gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for our sin,
To heal our deadly wound.
- 5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy we ask,
This is our only prayer ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit :
Oh, in Thy mercy spare.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

D



Lent.

63

3 of 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, in this, Thy mercy's day,
Ere it wholly pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy Wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Lest we never see Thy Face.
- 7 Lord, Thy love shall stand alone ;
And that love shall then be known
By the mercy Thou hast shown. Amen.

64

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of our life, to Thee we call,
Afflicted at Thy Feet we fall :
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

Lent.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we pour our sad complaint?
Where but to Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever sinner plead with Thee,
And Thou reject his lowly plea?
Doth not Thy Word still pledged remain,
That none shall seek Thy Face in vain?
- 4 Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying Eye!
To Thee our contrite prayer we make;
Hear us, O hear, for Jesu's sake.
- 5 Grant, ever-blessed Three in One,
Grant, Thou Who art One God alone,
Our Fast, through all its holy round,
May with the Spirit's fruits be crowned.

Amen.

65

C. M.

- 1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us, when to Thee we cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the power of faith,
More firmly to believe,
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

Lent.

4 O help us, Jesu, from on high,
We know no help but Thee :
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

66

L. M.

1 O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all our sins before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their record from Thy book.

2 O make our souls all pure within,
Cleanse them from every stain of sin ;
Let Thy good Spirit never cease
To bless our spirit with Thy peace.

3 A contrite heart, O God, our King,
Is all the sacrifice we bring ;
Thou God of Grace wilt not despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

4 Our souls lie humbled in the dust,
And own Thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And save the souls condemn'd to die.

5 Grant, ever-blessed Three in One,
Grant, Thou Who art One God alone,
Our Fast, through all its holy round,
May with the Spirit's fruits be crown'd. Amen.

- 1 CANST Thou, O Lord, forgive so soon
A soul that sinn'd so long?
And canst Thou deign to bear with one
That loads Thee still with wrong?
- 2 Canst Thou invite me to repent,
And call me to return?
And will Thine anger, Lord, relent,
And bid me cease to mourn?
- 3 It is no merit of mine own,
But Blood of Him that died,
Our elder Brother, and Thy Son,
Whom my sins crucified.
- 4 For every drop of crimson dye
Thus shed to make me live,
O wherefore, wherefore have not I
A thousand souls to give?
- 5 Praise we the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit evermore:
Glory to God, the Three in One,
Whom heaven and earth adore. Amen.

- 1 IN our Lord's atoning Grief
Be our rest and sure relief;
Jesu! Thou our Refuge be —
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore.
With the Saints in heavenly light,
We in solemn praise unite.

Lent.

- 3 Thee, our only Hope and Power,
In Thy Passion's solemn hour,
Thee we pray our sins efface,
And increase Thy gifts of grace.
- 4 Christ ! by faithless hands betrayed,
Christ ! for us a captive made,
Christ ! upon the bitter tree
Slain for man, all praise to Thee. Amen.

69

L. M.

- 1 A LMIGHTY God, the pure and just,
How shall we dare approach Thy Throne,
When, humbly prostrate in the dust,
Our guilt with trembling lips we own !
- 2 Thy sons by grace, to Thee baptized,
And blest with Thy paternal care,
How have our souls Thy love despised !
How mock'd Thee with a heartless prayer !
- 3 But Thou hast bid us turn and live,
And stay'd Thy wrath with long delay ;
And wilt Thou with the sinner strive,
Yet turn the penitent away ?
- 4 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Renew our hearts, our sins forgive ;
So, cleans'd from all unholystain,
Our grateful souls to Thee shall live.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

- 1 **R**OCC of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne,
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

- 1 **T**HE royal banner is unfurled,
And lo ! The Cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world.
Is stretched in cruel agony.
- 2 Pierced by the spear, He yielded forth
Water and Blood, a mingled tide,
That so a fount of priceless worth
Might flow for sinners from His side. .
- 3 Then were the wonders plainly shown,
Which Saints of old rejoiced to sing,
How of the Tree He made a Throne,
Whereon He reigned a gracious King.

Lent.

- 4 Lord, in Thy Cross may we discern
Our only hope, our path to heaven :
And oh ! to Thee may sinners turn
With longing eyes to be forgiven.
- 5 O God, the Blessed Three in One,
From every soul all glory be :
And grant in us there may be won,
Through Thee, the Cross's victory. Amen

72

8. 7.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Rest we here, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood ;
Precious Drops, our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While we see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid Eye.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation,
And unveil'd Thy glories see.
- 3 For Thy Sorrows we adore Thee—
For the Griefs that wrought our peace—
Gracious Saviour ! we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.
Unto Thee, the world's Salvation,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee,
Low we bow in adoration,
Ever-blessed One and Three. Amen.

- 1 SING we now, our voice upraising,
 Sing the Cross in mournful strain ;
Tell the Sorrows most amazing,
 Tell the agonising Pain,
Which the Saviour, God Incarnate,
 Sinless bore, for sinners slain.
- 2 He the cruel scourge enduring,
 Ransom for our sins to pay,
By His Stripes transgressors curing,
 Raising those who wounded lay,
Soothed our griefs, and bore our sorrows,
 And removed our pains away.
- 3 He to freedom hath restor'd us
 By the very bonds He bare ;
And His Sacred Wounds afford us
 Each a Stream of mercy rare ;
Piercèd by the nails, He draws us
 To the Cross, and keeps us there.
- 4 When His painful Life was ended,
 From that Fount, His wounded Side,
Blood and Water straight descended,
 Each a Sacramental Tide ;
One from stain of sin to cleanse us,
 One to feed our souls applied.
- 5 Jesu, may Thy promis'd blessing
 Comfort to our souls afford ;
May we, now Thy love possessing,
 And at length our full reward,
Ever praise with grateful anthems
 Thee our ever-glorious Lord ! Amen.

Week next before Easter.

74

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the Cross of Christ my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most
 Are naught to His atoning Blood.
- 3 See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
 Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a Crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my life, my soul, my all.
- 5 To Him Who gave His Son to die,
 To Him Whose Dying bids me live,
 To Him, the Spirit Blest, will I
 My heart, my life, my spirit give. Amen.

Week next before Easter.

75

7s.

- 1 GLORY, praise, and honour be,
 Christ our Lord, alone to Thee—
 Thee, to Whom, their Heavenly King,
 Children loud Hosannas sing.
- 2 Thee all angels praise on high ;
 Thee, the heavenly company ;
 Thee, frail man of fleeting days,
 Thee all things created praise.

Week next before Easter.

- 3 Thee the sons of Salem greet ;
Thee with palms go forth to meet ;
Thee, with hymn, and prayer, and vow,
We rejoice to welcome now.
- 4 On Thy road to suffering they
Sought the meed of praise to pay ;
We upraise, O Lord, to Thee,
High enthroned, our melody.
- 5 Ours be conquest pure and calm,
Lifted hearts, our boughs of palm ;
While our voices sing to Thee
This our song of victory.
- 6 Glory, honour, praise divine,
Christ, our only Lord, be Thine ;
Still to Thee, the Heavenly King,
Children glad Hosannas sing. Amen.

76

C. M

- 1 O THOU, Who through this Holy Week
Didst suffer for us all,
The sick to heal, the lost to seek,
To raise up them that fall ;
- 2 We cannot tell the bitter woe
Thy Love was pleas'd to bear :
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there !
- 3 Thy Feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy Hands the victory won ; —
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done ?
- 4 O grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,
With Thee to rise anew ;
Grant us the things of earth to fly,
The things of heaven pursue.

Week next before Easter.

5 To God, the Blessed Three in One,
All praise and glory be!
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
Through Thee the victory. Amen.

77

6 of 84.

- 1 O FIRST in sorrow, First in pain,
Thou Lamb of God for sinners slain ;
Messiah, Jesu, Lord of Life,
Thou mighty Victor in the strife,
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
Pleading Thy Death for sinners now.
- 2 Eternal Victim, from Thy Side
Thy love did pour a crimson tide ;
And still Thy vesture dyed in blood
Gives token of the cleansing flood :
The Lamb for ever slain art Thou,
Pleading Thy Death for sinners now.
- 3 O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Thou Sun with healing in Thy wings,
Pour down upon our darkened sight
The brightness of Thy living light ;
So we may know Thee, Victim, Priest,
And find Thee in Thy heavenly Feast. Amen.

78

8 of 7s.

- 1 S AVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the trembling knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
Oh, by all Thy Pains and Woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

Week next before Easter.

- 2 By Thy Birth and early years,
By Thy human Grief and Fears,
By Thy Fasting and Distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy Victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesu, look with pitying Eye,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By Thine agony of grief,
By Thy pleading for relief,
By the purple Robe of scorn,
By Thy Wounds, Thy Crown of thorn,
Cross and Passion, Pangs and Cries,
By Thy perfect Sacrifice ;
Jesu, look with pitying Eye,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save ; —
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy Throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear the cry
Of our solemn litany. Amen.

- 1 O F the glorious Body broken,
O, my tongue, the mystery sing,
And the Blood all price exceeding,
Of our Lord the nations' King,
Which He shed for our salvation,
And for this world's ransoming.

Week next before Easter.

- 2 Of a pure and spotless virgin
Born for us, on earth below,
He, as man with man abiding
Dwelt, the seed of life to sow ;
Till on that remembered even
He fulfilled His life of woe.
- 3 On the night of the last supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He the Paschal Victim eating,
First fulfils the law's command,
Then as food to His disciples
Gives himself with His own Hand.
- 4 Word made flesh ! Thine own Word spoken,
Maketh bread Thy Flesh to be ;
Wine the Blood of Christ becometh,
Though no outward change we see :
But to every guileless spirit
Faith will teach the mystery.
- 5 Then before His altar bending
Let our hearts the Lord revere ;
Faith her aid to sight still giving,
Tells that He unseen is near ;
Ancient types and shadows ending,
Christ our Paschal Lamb is here.
- 6 Praise and glory in the highest,
Thine, O Father, ever be ;
Thine, O Son, Who ever givest,
Food of immortality ;
Thine, O Thou Who sanctifiest,
Ever Blessed One and Three. Amen.

Good Friday.

80

78

- 1 SEE the destin'd day arise ;
See, a willing sacrifice :
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross.
- 2 Jesu ! Who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy Life of woe ?
- 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Fill'd with gall, the cup of pain ;
And with tender Body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear ?
- 4 Thence the cleansing Water flow'd
Mingled from Thy Side with Blood,
Sign to man's attesting eyes
Of the finish'd Sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesu ! grant us grace,
In that Sacrifice to place
All our trust in toil and strife,
All our hope of endless life. Amen.

Easter Even.

81

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 ALL is o'er, the Pain, the Sorrow,
Human taunts and Satan's spite ;
Death shall be despoil'd to-morrow
Of the Prey he grasps to-night ;
Yet once more, His own to save,
Christ must sleep within the grave.

63

Easter.

- 2 Fierce and deadly was the Anguish
On the bitter Cross he bore ;
How did Soul and Body languish,
Till the toil of Death was o'er !
But that Toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruis'd and crush'd the Serpent's head.
- 3 Close and still the tomb that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies ;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veil'd awhile from mortal eyes :
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.
- 4 All night long, with voice of sadness,
Chant the anthem soft and low ;
Loftier strains of praise and gladness
From to-morrow's harps shall flow :
“ Death and Hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumph'd, Christ doth reign.”
- Amen.

Easter.

52

7s.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia ;
Our triumphant Holyday, Alleluia !
Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia !
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia !
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia !
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia !
Who endured the Cross and Grave, Alleluia !
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia !
- 3 But the Pain which He endur'd, Alleluia !
Our salvation hath procur'd, Alleluia !
Now above the skies He's King, Alleluia !
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia ! Amen.

Easter.

83

8 of 7a

- 1 **A**T the Lamb's High Feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the Tide
Flowing from His wounded Side ;
Praise we Him Whose love divine
Gives His guests His Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the Feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
- 2 Where the Paschal Blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat the Manna from above.
- 3 Easter triumph, Easter joy,—
Sin alone can this destroy :
From the power of sin set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee,
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

84

7a

- 1 **C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of Men and Angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye Heavens, and Earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done, .
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Death and hell oppose in vain,
Christ has opened heaven again.

Easter.

- 3 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save,
Where thy victory, O Grave?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise
To our home beyond the Skies.
- 5 Hail! Thou Lord of Earth and Heaven,
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection Thou. Amen.

85

8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 PRAISE God upon His Heavenly Throne,
Bring praises to th' Incarnate Son,
Who hath for us salvation won. Alleluia!
- 2 The grave and death have lost their sting,
And Christ has risen our glorious King;
To Him let all His creatures sing, Alleluia!
- 3 He from the Tomb returns again,
Victorious o'er His foes to reign;
And we are ransomed by His Pain. Alleluia!
- 4 Our humble thanks, O God, to-day,
For all Thy gifts to Thee we pay,—
Gifts greater than our tongues can say. Alleluia!
- 5 O by Thy Rising, Lord, awake
Our souls from sin,—their fetters break;
Save us who here of guilt partake. Alleluia!
- 6 To Thee our hearts and souls incline;
Within our minds Thy truth enshrine;
And make our wills accord with Thine. Alleluia!

Easter.

7 Then shall we thus from sin set free,
O Triune God, give praise to Thee,
And sing to all eternity, Alleluia! Amen.

86

148. M.

1 **L**O! the glad morn is come ;
The Lord is risen indeed,
Victorious from the Tomb ;
He hath His people freed.
Thy praise we sing, the Church's Head,
O Thou Who livest and wast dead.

2 All hail ! triumphant Lord,
Who hast our ransom paid !
Wide be Thy Name adored ;
On Thee our help is laid.
To Thee all power in earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell, are given.

3 Jesus to us impart
Thy Resurrection's power ;
And teach each quickened heart
To love Thee more and more ;
Thou art the Life, our sins forgive ;
Speak but the word and we shall live.

4 To God, the Risen Son,
Father, and Spirit blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to God our King. Amen.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY choirs with anthems sweet
Haste the Risen Lord to greet ;
He hath vanquished death and hell ;
Let us all His praises tell.
- 2 Vain the stone, the soldiers vain,
Life laid down, He takes again ;
First-born of the Virgin's womb,
First-fruits from the silent tomb.
- 3 Thus our triumph He achieves —
Dying, and behold He lives —
Rising from His dark abode,
Hail Him Christ, the Son of God !
- 4 Grant us, Lord, with Thee to die ;
Earth's temptations to defy ;
Grant us, Lord, with Thee to rise
To our mansions in the skies.
- 5 Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

- 1 **J**ESU, our Risen King,
Glory to Thee we sing,
Praising Thy Name :
Thy Love and Grace adore,
Which all our sorrows bore,
Crying for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

Easter.

2 O haste, ye ransom'd race,
For all His Gifts of Grace,
 To praise His Name:
He wondrous things hath done,
Triumph o'er death hath won,
Heaven's gate hath open thrown:
 Worthy the Lamb.

3 Come, all ye hosts above,
Join in one song of love,
Praising His Name:
To Him ascribed be
Honour and Majesty,
Through all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Prais'd be Thy Name.
Father, Thy love we bless ;
Spirit of Holiness
Thee we praise ; and confess
Worthy the Lamb. Amen.

1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! and thus we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

**2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.**

Easter.

3 Jesus lives ! for us He died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

Alleluia !

4 Praise the Father ; praise the Son,
Who to us new life hath given ;
Praise the Spirit, — Three in One, —
All in earth, and all in Heaven.

Alleluia ! Amen.

90

D. C. M.

1 O THOU, the Heaven's eternal King,
Lord of the starry spheres !
Who with the Father equal art
From everlasting years :
All praise to Thy most holy Name,
Who, when the world began,
Joining the soul to clay, didst form,
In Thine own Image, Man.

2 All praise to Thee, Who, when the foe
Had marr'd Thy work sublime,
Clothing Thyselv in flesh, didst mould
Our race a second time ;
When from the tomb new-born, as from
A Virgin born before,
Thou didst renew our fallen state,
And life to man restore.

3 Eternal Shepherd, Who Thy flock
In Thy pure Font dost lave,
Where souls are cleans'd, and all their guilt
Buried as in a grave ;

Easter.

Jesu, Who to the Cross wast nail'd,
Our countless debt to pay ;
Jesu, Who didst so freely pour
Thy Blood for us away ;

- 4 O keep us from the death of sin ;
So Thou, O Lord, shalt be
The everlasting Easter joy
Of all new-born in Thee.
To God the Father, and the Son
Who rose, be glory given ;
With Thee, Almighty Comforter,
By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

91

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 He triumph'd over sin and death,
When, by His sacred Blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
His gracious promise stood.
- 3 O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still :
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise ;
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.
- 5 Praise to the Father, and the Son,
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee :
Glory to God, the Three in One,
To God, the One in Three. Amen.

The Ascension Day.

92

8. 8. 6.

- 1 O JOYFUL sound ! O glorious hour !
The Saviour, by almighty power,
Revives and leaves the grave.
In all His works behold Him great !
Before, Almighty to create ;
Almighty now to save.
- 2 The First-begotten from the dead,
Behold Him rise His people's Head,
To make their life secure.
They too, like Him, shall yield their breath,
Like Him shall burst the bands of death ;
Their resurrection sure.
- 3 Why should His people fear the grave ?
Since He, Who died their souls to save,
Will raise their bodies too :
What though their earthly house shall fail,
Almighty power will yet prevail,
To build it up anew.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. Amen.

The Ascension Day.

93

7s.

- 1 HAIL ! the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia !
To His throne above the skies, Alleluia !
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia !
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia !

The Ascension Day.

- 2 Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ; Alleluia !
Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia !
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia !
- 3 See He lifts His Hands above ; Alleluia !
See He shows the Marks of love ; Alleluia !
Hark, His gracious Lips bestow, Alleluia !
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia !
- 4 Now for us He intercedes, Alleluia !
His prevailing Death He pleads, Alleluia !
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia !
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia !
- 5 Oh, though parted from our sight, Alleluia !
Far above the starry height, Alleluia !
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia !
Seeking Thee above the skies, Alleluia ! Amen.

- 1 GLORY to our mighty King !
Crowns unsfading wreath His Head !
Jesus is the Name we sing,
Jesus risen from the dead ;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave,
Lord Almighty, strong to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high ;
Angels come to meet their King ;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing :
Open now, ye heavenly gates !
See the King of Glory waits !

The Ascension Day.

3 Now behold Him high enthron'd
Glory beaming from His Face ;
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace.
Oh for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory to our mighty King ! Amen.

95

C. M.

1 O CHRIST ! our Hope, our hearts' Desire,
Redemption's only spring !
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The Ransom hath been paid ;
And Thou art on Thy Father's Throne,
In robes of light arrayed.

4 O may Thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare !
O may we come before Thy Throne,
And find acceptance there !

5 O Christ ! be Thou our present Joy,
Our future great Reward !
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord ! Amen.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

96

8. 8. 7.

- 1 THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously,
In power and might excelling :
The Grave and Hell are captive led,
Lo ! He returns, our glorious Head,
To His eternal dwelling !
- 2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel hosts ador'd ;
O day of exultation !
O earth ! adore Thy glorious King,
His Rising, His Ascension sing,
With grateful adoration.
- 3 Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Now on His Church His grace to pour,
And still His love He giveth :
Oh may our hearts to Him ascend,
May all within us upward tend
To Him Who ever liveth.
- 4 By saints in earth and saints in heaven,
All praise to Christ our King be given,
Who hath to heaven ascended.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of heaven's resplendent host,
In bright array extended. Amen.

97

8. 7.

- 1 HAIL, Thou Jesu once rejected,
Now in heaven a glorious King !
Thou did'st come, the long expected,
Healing from on high to bring.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood ;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 2 Jesu hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
There angelic hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
'Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing
It is meet for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant our Saviour's praise. Amen.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your Lord and King adore ;
Rejoice, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, ye saints of God rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
 To Christ, the Lord, are given :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's Right Hand,
 Till sinners, as 'tis meet,
Shall bow to His command,
 And fall beneath His feet :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice. Amen.

99

L. M.

- 1 O CHRIST ! Who hast prepared a place
 For us around Thy Throne of Grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
 And draw them with the cords of love !
- 2 Source of all good ! Thou, gracious Lord,
 Art our exceeding great reward ;
How fleeting is our present pain !
 How boundless our eternal gain !
- 3 With open face and joyful heart,
 O may we see Thee as Thou art :
May love to Thee for ever glow,
 May praise to Thee for ever flow.
- 4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
 A pledge of Thine eternal love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost, to be
 The lifter of our souls to Thee.
- 5 O future Judge ! Eternal Lord !
 Thy Name be hallow'd and adored :
To God the Father, King of Heaven,
 And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

100

7a.

- 1 **R**ULER of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to Thy might,
And Thy Blood hath marked a road,
Which will lead us back to God.
- 2 From Thy dwelling-place above,
From Thy Father's Throne of love,
Look upon us here below,
Do not leave us in our woe.
- 3 Now Thou sittest on Thy Throne,
By Thy Death and Sorrows won,
Now perform the promise given,
Send the Holy Ghost from Heaven.
- 4 Praise the Son, Who reigns on high
With the Father in the sky ;
And the Holy Ghost adore,
Three in One, for evermore. Amen.

101

8 of 7a.

- 1 **H**AIL the joyful day's return,
Hail the Pentecostal morn,
Morn when our ascended Head,
On His Church His Spirit shed.
Like to cloven tongues of flame
On the Twelve the Spirit came ;
Tongues, that earth may hear their call ;
Fire, that Love may burn in all.
- 2 Hear the speech before unknown ;
Trembling crowds the Wonder own ;
What though hardened some abide,
And the holy Work deride ?

Whitsuntide.

Lord, to Thee Thy People bend,
Unto us Thy Spirit send :
All the blessings of this day
Grant us, gracious Lord, we pray.

- 3 Thou Who didst our fathers guide,
With their children still abide ;
Grant us pardon, grant us peace,
Till our earthly wanderings cease.
To the Father praises sing,
Praise to Christ, our Risen King,
Praise to Thee, the Lord of Love,
Blessed Spirit, Heavenly Dove. Amen.

102

6 of 8s.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold Gifts impart,
Thy blessed Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy Grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ,
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be then our endless song ;
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

- 1 **C**REATOR, Spirit, Lord of Grace,
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And with Thy heavenly presence aid
The souls of those whom Thou hast made.
- 2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry ;
O highest Gift of God, Most High !
O Fount of Life ! O Fire of Love !
And sweet anointing from above !
- 3 Thee, Lord and God, Thy people own,
Who in Thy sevenfold gifts art known ;
And touched by Thee our lips proclaim
All Praise to God's most holy Name.
- 4 Now, to our souls Thy light impart,
And give Thy love to every heart ;
Turn all our weakness into might,
O Thou the Source of Life and Light.
- 5 Protect us from the assailing foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow ;
Upheld by Thee, our Strength and Guide
No evil can our steps betide.
- 6 Spirit of Faith, on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know ;
And, of the twain the Spirit, Thee :
Eternal One, Eternal Three. Amen.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, Lord of Might,
From Thy dwelling-place of light,
Thy pure beaming radiance give :
Come, Thou helper of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live !

Whitsuniide.

- 2 Light Immortal, Light Divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in us will stay ;
All our good is turn'd to ill.
- 3 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
Wash the stains of sin away :
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen ; warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 4 On Thine own who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend :
Give them comfort when they die :
Give them life with Thee on high :
Give them joys which never end. Amen.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of Peace and Love ;
- 2 With us abide, into our heart
Thy heavenly Grace inspire,
That we may truth and godliness
Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter,
In grief and all distress ;
The heavenly Gift of God Most High,
No tongue can it express.

Whitsuntide.

- 4 The Fountain and the living Spring
 Of joy celestial;
 The Fire so bright, and Love so sweet,
 The Unction spiritual.
- 5 O Holy Ghost! into our mind
 Send down Thy heavenly Light;
 Our hearts inflame with fervent zeal,
 To serve God day and night.
- 6 Grant us the grace that we may know
 The Father of all might;
 That we of His beloved Son
 May gain the blissful sight.
- 7 And that we may with perfect faith
 Ever acknowledge Thee,
 Spirit of Father and of Son,
 One God in Persons Three. Amen.

106

7s.

- 1 THOU, Who camest from above,
 Bringing light, and breathing love,
 Teaching us Thy perfect way,
 Giving gifts to men to-day;
- 2 Thou, Who once didst change our state,
 Making us regenerate,
 Help us evermore to be
 Faithful subjects unto Thee.
- 3 Often have we griev'd Thee sore;
 May we never grieve Thee more.
 Thou the feeble canst protect,
 Thou the wandering direct.

Trinity Sunday.

- 4 We are dark — be Thou our light ;
We are blind — be Thou our sight ;
Be our comfort in distress ;
Guide us through the wilderness.
- 5 Praise the blessed Three in One,
Praise the Father and the Son,
To the Holy Ghost arise,
Praise from all below the skies ! Amen.
-

Trinity Sunday.

107

L. M.

- 1 BE present, Holy Trinity :
Three Persons in One Deity !
Beginning that no end shall know,
Of things above, and things below.
- 2 Thee all the armies of the sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify :
And nature's universal frame
For ever sanctifies Thy Name.
- 3 And we our thanks and homage pay,
Thine own adoring flock to-day :
O join to that angelic song
The praises of our suppliant throng.
- 4 We praise Thee, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious God-head, Three in One !
Thee we confess, in Thee believe,
To Thee with steadfast hearts we cleave.
Amen.

Trinity Sunday.

108

P. M.

- 1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee ;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which Wert, and Art, and evermore shalt Be ;
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
not see,
Only Thou art holy : there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea :
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity ! Amen.

109

6 of 8s.

- 1 **T**HE Father, God, we glorify,
Who made the earth, and sea, and sky,
Gave life to every living thing,
Created man their earthly king ;
Then gave His Son for man to die ;
Thee, Father, God, we glorify !

Trinity Sunday.

- 2 All glory to the Son, Who came
Cloth'd in our flesh and mortal frame ;
Who bare our sins, vouchsafed to give
Himself to die, that we might live ;
All perfect God and Man in One,
Be praise to Thee, Incarnate Son !
- 3 All glory to the Holy Ghost,
Who on the Day of Pentecost
From heaven to earth in mercy came,
Descending as in tongues of flame,
The promis'd Comforter and Guide,
Through Whom our souls are sanctified.
- 4 Three Persons but One God ! Whose grace
Has form'd and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips to Thee,
We sing this mighty Mystery ;
Thy Holy Name we magnify,
O Trinity in Unity. Amen.

110

L. M.

- 1 O THOU Who dwellest bright on high,
Thou ever-blessed Trinity !
Thee we confess, in Thee believe,
To Thee with steadfast heart we cleave.
- 2 We see the Father in the Son,
And with the Father Christ is One ;
The Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
From Both proceeds, in Both complete.
- 3 For Thou O Father, Thou O Son,
And Thou O Holy Ghost, art One :
One perfect Truth in Trinity,
One holy Love in Unity.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 4** O Father, by Thy saints adored,
O Son of God, our blessed Lord,
O Holy Spirit, love divine !
Make us, Thy servants, wholly Thine.
- 5** Great God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, in glory One,
Thee, Lord Almighty, we adore,
With heart and voice for evermore. Amen.
-

Sundays after Trinity.

111

3 of 8s.

- 1** O GOD of life ! Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.
- 2** O Father, Uncreated Lord !
Be Thou in every land adored,
On every soul Thy love be poured.
- 3** O Son of God, for sinners slain !
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying Pain
For us did endless life regain.
- 4** O Holy Ghost ! Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare ;
May we in Thy communion share.
- 5** O Holy Blessed Trinity !
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In us, O God ! exalted be. Amen.

112

L. M.

- 1** FATHER of all, Whose wondrous Love
Thine only Son came down to prove,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us That pard'ning Love extend.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving Grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening Power extend.
- 4 Thrice Holy ! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us Love, Grace, and Life extend. Amen

113

- 1 FATHER of all, to Thee we raise
The tribute of our grateful praise,
Who for our twofold life hast given
Bread from the earth, and Bread from heav
- 2 And Thou, O Jesu, be adored,
The only Son, Almighty Lord ;
Who, our Salvation to become,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb ;
- 3 Who, on the Cross a Victim laid,
The ransom of the world hast paid ;
Through Whom alone on guilty men
The hope of life hath dawned again.
- 4 To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Let every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

114

C. M.

- 1 O GOD, by Whose Almighty Hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayer, we now present
Before Thy Throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be our God,
That we may see Thy face.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering Wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

115

C. M.

- 1 THOU boundless Source of every good !
Our best desires fulfil ;
Aid us with Thine assisting grace,
To work Thy sovereign Will.
- 2 In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts Thy Hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 3 Do Thou direct our steps aright,
Help us Thy Name to fear ;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.
- 4 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care ;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.
- 5 To God, the Father with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
As heretofore, when time is done
Unending glory be. Amen.

116

P. M

- 1 O FATHER Blest ! Thy name we sing,
Whose power the world upholdeth :
And Thee, O Christ, of kings the King,
Whose love our souls enfoldeth :
And Thee, O Holy Ghost, we praise :
Oh, be our Guide through all our days.
- 2 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of our salvation !
The Church on earth and heavenly host,
Are one in adoration.
With heart and mind may we adore
Our gracious God for evermore. Amen.

117

8. 7s.

- 1 PRAISE and blessing, Lord, be given
Unto Thee, our Hope, our All ;
Lord Almighty ! saints in heaven
Low before Thy presence fall.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 All creation Thou sustaineſt,
 Father ! with Thy powerful Hand :
Thou, O Jesu ! ever reignest ;
 Ever ſhall Thy kingdom stand.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Who reſtorefteſt
 All within to life divine,
Heavenly light on earth Thou pourefteſt ;
 Thou doſt on our darkness ſhine.
- 4 Holy Father ! we confeſſe Thee ;
 With the Son we Thee adore :
Holy Ghost, we praise and bлаeſe Thee,
 God o'er all for evermore ! Amen.

118

6 of 7s.

PRAISE to God on high be given,
 Praise Him, all in earth and heaven ;
Praise Him at the dawn of light,
 Praise Him at returning night ;
Saints below, and saints above,
 Praise, O praise the God of love ! Amen.

119

8 of 8. 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford. Amen.

120

8 of 8.

LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Here Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, blessing
Thee the Lord of hosts most High! Amen.

121

8 of

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord!
Ever be thy Name ador'd:
Thee to praise in songs of love
Angels join with Saints above;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing Thine eternal praise;
And with feeble voices cry,
Glory be to God most High! Amen.

122

148th. P.

- 1 **W**E give eternal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 For all our hopes above:
 He sent His own Eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
 Eternal glory, too,
 Who bought us with His Blood
 From everlasting woe;
 He living now, for ever reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all His Pains.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 3 To God the Spirit's Name
 Eternal honour give,
Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee
 Be endless honour shown, —
In Sacred Persons Three,
 In might and Godhead One :
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores. Amen.

123

L M.

- 1 **T**HRICE Holy God, of wondrous might,
 O Trinity of Love divine,
To Thee belongs unclouded light,
 And everlasting joys are Thine.
- 2 About Thy Throne dark clouds abound,
 About Thee shine such dazzling rays,
That angels, as they stand around,
 For ever tremble as they gaze.
- 3 Thy sons anew created, Lord,
 Confess Thee in Thine Own great Name ;
By hope they taste the rich reward,
 Which faith already dares to claim.
- 4 Father, may we Thy law fulfil,
 Blest Son, may we Thy precepts learn ;
And Thou, blest Spirit, may our will
 And ways unto Thy counsels turn.
- 5 Yea, Father, may Thy Will be done,
 May we Thy hallow'd Name adore,
Together with Thy blessed Son,
 And Holy Spirit evermore. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

124

7s.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God Whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee with heart and voice we sing;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all Th^y works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee our thankful spirits prove
God of power, and God of love.
- 4 Thee, O Christ, our Lord we own,
Thee, the Father's Only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Bring us back to God again.
- 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou!
Jesu, in Thy name we pray,
Jesu take our sins away!
- 6 Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days,
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

125

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord! ye Heavens, adore Him!
Praise Him, Angels, in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him!
Praise Him, all ye stars and light!
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty Voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

82

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious,
 Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His Saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail :
Praise the God of our Salvation,
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify His Name.
- 3 Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
 Lord, we offer unto Thee ;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
 In glad homage bend the knee.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
 We would bow before Thy Throne ;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
 So on earth Thy will be done. Amen.

126

- 1 GRATEFUL hearts and voices bring,
 While the Godhead's praise we sing,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
 Be Thy glorious Name ador'd.
- 2 Saints on earth, and saints above,
 Sing the great Redeemer's love :
Lord, Thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, Thou Lord of mercy, hail !
- 3 Though unworthy of Thine ear,
 Still our alleluias hear :
Purer praise we hope to bring
 When with saints in heaven we sing.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 4 Look in mercy from Thy Throne ;
Send Thy Holy Spirit down :
Guide our footsteps in Thy way :
Guide to realms of endless day.
- 5 Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days,
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

127

C. M.

- 1 L ORD, when we bend before Thy Throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore ;
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart,
And let a healing ray from Thee
Pour hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a wish or thought be there
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 In meek submission to Thy Will
Let every prayer arise ;
And teach us, Lord, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.
- 5 To Thee, O Jesu, Light of Light,
All praise, and glory be,
To God the Father Infinite,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

128

C. M.

- 1 O GOD of our salvation, Lord
 Of wondrous power and love,
 May faith, whereby we look to Thee,
 Be sent us from above!
- 2 'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight,
 That we our foes may quell ;
 'Tis with the shield of faith we quench
 The fiery darts of hell.
- 3 By faith we make our prayers to Thee
 In that most Holy Name,
 On Which, for mercy and for peace,
 We rest our humble claim.
- 4 For Thy dear sake assist us, Lord,
 To run our heavenward race,
 And, oh ! may no unholy life
 Our holy faith disgrace!
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise and glory given,
 Who pour into the hearts of men
 True light and life from heaven. Amen.

129

F. M.

- 1 O PRAISE we the Lord
 For His pledges of grace,
 The signs of His love
 Vouchsafed to our souls ;
 The Font which commences
 Our spiritual race,
 The Strength which enlivens,
 And guides, and controls.

Sundays after Trinity.

2 The truth by His Word
 To sinners conveyed ;
Himself as our Food
 For sustenance given ;
The Pastors commission'd
 By Him for our aid ;
The Church's Communion
 To lead us to heaven.

3 For these and for all
 The gifts of our God ,
To man's sinful race
 Abundantly shown ,
The praise of His bounty
 Proclaim we abroad ,
His mercy reveal'd
 For the sake of His Son .

4 O praise we the Lord !
 To Him Who alone
Is God of our health ,
 All praise be address !
All praise to the Father ,
 All praise to the Son ,
And to Thee, Holy Spirit ,
 Eternally blest ! Amen .

1 L ORD , enrich us with Thy blessing
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace
Bread of life in Thee possessing ,
 May our faith and love increase :
O refresh us ,
Travelling through this wilderness .

Sundays after Trinity.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May Thy Presence
Evermore with us be found.

3 Glory, honour, might, dominion,
Be to Thee, O God most High ;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
Praise be given
Unto all eternity. Amen.

131

L. M.

- 1 L O, God is here ! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place ;
May all within us feel His power,
And humbly bow before His face.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! Whom day and night
United choirs of angels praise ;
To Him enthroned above all height
The Hosts of Heaven their anthems raise.
- 3 Almighty Father ! may Thy grace
Our hearts with grateful fragrance fill ;
May we for ever see Thy Face,
For ever hear and do Thy will.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

132

8 of 7s.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death ;
Jesu, now Thy love revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.
- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing,
For the joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of peace and love !
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.
- 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burden'd soul release :
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.
- 5 Unto Thee, O blessed Jesu,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee,
Now we raise the glad Hosanna,
And adoring bend the knee. Amen.

133

P. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God ; with joyful adoration
Sing praises, sing praises, His power proclaim ;
Praise we the Lord, the strength of our salvation,
And worshipping before Him, adore His Name.
- 2 Praise Him for mercies, blessings ever flowing ;
His love, which redeemed us from death,
make known ;
Praise Him in life, with holy rapture glowing ;
Then worship Him with angels before His
Throne. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

134

8. 8. 7

- 1 O GOD, the worlds of light on high
By day and night Thy Majesty
Are evermore declaring.
To us they tell of power and love—
That gracious power Which reigns above,
For us all good preparing.
- 2 And shall we not Thy Name adore,
Who on our souls dost ever pour
Thy choicest consolation ?
On us the Sun of Righteousness
Still shines ! oh, let our tongues confess
The Name that brings salvation!
- 3 To us Thy Holy gospel gives
The light by which our spirit lives :
That light no cloud obscureth :
That light from sea to sea shall shine,
The only light of truth divine,
Which evermore endureth.
- 4 Thy Holy Ghost's bright beams we sing,
Who doth our souls from darkness bring
To faith's clear light unfailing :
O Holy Ghost, with light inspire
Our heart, mind, thought, and each desire ;
O'er all our life prevailing. Amen.

135

C. M

- 1 TO Thee, O God, our anxious soul
And earnest prayers arise,
When storms and tempests o'er us roll,
And danger round us lies.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 Thou, Father, dost Thine aid afford,
All things Thy goodness own ;
In all our weakness, gracious Lord,
Thy strength and power are shown.
- 3 The sufferings that our souls oppress,
Thy mighty Hand shall cure ;
And Thine avenging Arm redress
The wrongs we now endure.
- 4 Oh, then, what full success shall smile
On all our labours past !
Who would not gladly weep awhile
To reap such joys at last ?
- 5 All glory to Almighty God,
The God of joy and peace,
Who comforts those who trust in Him,
And bids their sorrows cease. Amen.

136

8 of 7s.

- 1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past :
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave me not, good Lord, alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy Wing.

Sundays after Trinity.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cleanse from every sin
Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within
Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. Amen.

137

6 of 7

1 **H**OLY Jesu ! in Whose Name
 Thou hast bid Thy servants claim
Of the Father's Love, to grant
 All the good they ask or want ;
Trusting in Thy Name alone,
 Draw we near the Father's Throne.

2 Son of Man ! to Whom is given
 With the Majesty of heaven
For mankind to mediate ;
 Sharer Thou of man's estate,
Hear us, when to Thee we plead ;
 For Thy brethren intercede.

3 Son of God ! to Whom of right,
 Sharer of Thy Father's Might,
Sole, Adorable, and True,
 Empire o'er the world is due ;
Hear us, when on Thee we call
 For Thy blessing, Lord of all !

4 Thou hast joyful tidings brought ;
 Thine Own Arm salvation wrought ;
May we follow and adore
 Thee our Saviour more and more :
Guide us with Thy steadfast love
 To Thy Home in Heaven above. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

138

6 of 7a.

1 SON of Man, to Thee we cry ;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy Birth,—
Lord, Thy Presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

2 Lamb of God, to Thee we cry :
By Thy bitter Agony,
By Thy Pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,—
Lord, Thy Presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

3 Prince of Life, to Thee we cry ;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,—
Lord, Thy Presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill ;
Help us to perform Thy will ;
Then Thy glory we shall see,
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee. Amen.

139

7a.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Sundays after Trinity.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

4 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear ! Amen.

140

6 of 72.

1 JESU, God of Love, attend,
From Thy glorious Throne descend ;
Set the weary captives free,
Draw our lingering soul to Thee .
Let us all from Thee receive
Light to see, and life to live.

2 Let us hear Thy pardoning Voice ;
Bid the contrite heart rejoice ;
Prayer can mercy's door unlock —
Open, Lord, to all that knock :
All the heirs of glory seal,
All with benediction fill.

Sundays after Trinity.

3 Give the heavy-laden rest,
Shed Thy love in every breast;
Pledge of all our sins forgiven,
Foretaste of the joys of heaven,
Send Thy strength'ning Spirit down,
Fit us for our future crown. Amen.

141

6 of 7s.

1 **G**OD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy Face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Let Thy Love on all be pour'd;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy Feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,—
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love. Amen.

142

C. M.

1 **O** PERFECT God, and perfect Man,
Tis not for us to know
How Thy pure Soul and Body felt
Temptation, pain, and woe.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 Our faith is weak : O Light of Light !
 Clear Thou our clouded view ;
Thou Son of man, and Son of God,
 We give Thee honour due.
- 3 O Son of man ! Thyself hast proved
 Our trials and our tears,
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
 Death's agonies and fears.
- 4 Incarnate God ! in glory raised
 Thou sittest on Thy Throne :
Thence by Thy pleadings and Thy grace
 Still succouring thine own ;
- 5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge !
 To Thee, O Christ, is given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
 Most blest in earth and heaven. Amen.

143

7s.

- 1 JESU, Thee we praise and bless,
 Thee, the Lord our Righteousness ;
Glory now to Thee be given,
 High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Son of God, to Thee we bow :
 Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,
 Glory of Thy Church, and Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
 Thee we praise, Our Priest and King :
Worthy is Thy Name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace.

Sundays after Trinity.

4 Thou the tidings glad didst bring,
Thou, our Saviour and our King ;
Thou didst set Thy people free :
Bring, O Lord, our souls to Thee. Amen.

144

6 of 7s.

1 CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, draw near ;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Lord, if it be reft of Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see ;
Till they pour their gladdening light
Through the darkness of our night.

3 Visit, then, these souls of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill us, Lord, with light divine ;
Scatter all our unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

4 Father, glory be to Thee,
Glory to the Blessed Son,
Glory to the Spirit be,
Glory to the Three in One :
As it was, is now, shall be,
Filling all eternity. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

145

C. M.

- 1 MAKER of all things! with Thine aid,
In all our works be near,
That all our lives may worthier prove
The Name of Christ to bear.
- 2 Thou, Only Mighty, Only Good,
Art to Thyself the Way;
Thou only, Who hast given the law,
Canst aid us to obey.
- 3 Perils encompass all the road;
Our slippery feet control,
That so our steps more steadfastly
May press unto the goal.
- 4 O happy goal, where true repose
And peace are found for ever;
And Thou to Thine dost give to drink
Of joy as from a river.
- 5 For Thee, O Trinity Divine!
The panting spirit sighs;
Grant unto those Thy grace hath saved
To win the eternal prize. Amen.

146

8 of 8.7a.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Thou hast made in us Thy dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art!
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Dwell in every faithful heart.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 Come, Almighty, to deliver,
 Let us all Thine aid receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more, Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be ever blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Praise Thee ever without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish, Lord, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory unto glory,
 Till in Heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise! Amen.

147

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I love Thee, not because
 I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they, who love Thee not,
 Must die eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Saviour, on the Cross
 With love didst me embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace;
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless;
 And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself;—and all for me,
 Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Lord, should not
 Thy servant love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
 Nor of escaping Hell;

viii

Sundays after Trinity.

- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King. Amen.

148

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb That died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus."
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
All praise and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Are, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him Who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

149

R. 7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing!
Tune our hearts to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 Teach us some melodious measure,
 Sung by saints in bliss above ;—
 Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure !
 Of our Lord's unchanging love.
- 3 Thou didst seek us, exil'd strangers,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 Thou, to rescue us from dangers,
 Didst redeem us with Thy Blood.
- 4 By Thy Hand restor'd, defended,
 Safe through life thus far we're come :
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring us to our heavenly home.
- 5 Honour, glory, might, dominion,
 To the Father and the Son,
 With the Everlasting Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One. Amen.

150

C. M.

- 1 O H, how can worthy praises, Lord,
 To Thee by man be given ?
 From Whom alone true light proceeds
 To show the way to Heaven.
- 2 The faith we need to serve Thee well
 Thou dost Thyself supply —
 That faith which sanctifies the heart,
 And lifts the soul on high.
- 3 O Thou, Who dost the proud abhor,
 And humble souls approve,
 That we in holy faith may grow,
 Our sinful pride remove.

III

Sundays after Trinity.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our praises now be given,
Who in their blessed threefold love
Bear record sure in heaven. Amen.

151

104th.

1 Y E servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name,
The Name all victorious
Of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still He is nigh,
His Presence we have :
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the Throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son ;
The praises of Jesus
All angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,
All glory, and power,
And wisdom, and might ;

Sundays after Trinity.

All honour and blessing,
With Angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love. Amen.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In each believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which we build,
Our Shield and Hiding-place;
Our never failing Treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see Thee as Thou art,
We'll praise Thee as we ought.
- 5 Till then we would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh our soul in death.
- 6 Jesu! our Brother, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest and King,
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

158

s of 8.7.

- 1 **H**AIL, triumphant King of Glory,
Prince of Power, and Lord of Life !
Angel hosts and men adore Thee,
Who hast conquer'd in the strife.
Now behold Eve's strong temptation
Healed by Mary's sinless Son,—
Adam's curse, by Christ's salvation—
Eden lost, by Heaven won.
- 2 Oh may we, once new-created
In the pure life-giving flood,
Still to Thee be consecrated,
Daily rise from sin to God !
Dead be every deed unholly,
Buried each unhallowed lust :
Living now to Jesus solely,
Rise we from corruption's dust.
- 3 Crown Him, then, ye Hosts of Glory ;
Angels, hymn the Victor's praise ;
Saints, proclaim the wondrous story,
Chant it in your festal lays.
Blessing, honour, might, dominion,
Give to heaven's eternal King,
From Whose glorious Resurrection
All our hopes of glory spring. Amen.

154

s. M

- 1 **O** LORD, refresh Thy flock,
Athirst to Thee they cry :
Thou art the spiritual Rock
Whence they must drink or die.

III

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 Preserve us, Lord, from death :
Thou art the Lamb Whose Blood,
Sprinkled on Israel's doors in faith,
A token was for good.
- 3 With many a bitter thought
Of cherish'd sin subdued,
'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim garb,
We take Thee for our food.
- 4 Away those signs are cast,
And now Thyself we see ;
Yet let each sign that cheer'd the past
Still lift our hearts to Thee.
- 5 To God the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, be praise ;
As in the ancient times was done,
And shall through endless days. Amen.

155

7a

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light around us shine :
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.
- 2 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast ;
Life, and joy, and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.
- 3 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way ;
Bring us to Thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.
- 4 Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! by Whose aid
 C The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every humble mind,
 Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou Strength of His Almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command !
 Thrice Holy Love ! thrice Holy Fire !
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
 Thy sacred Unction ever bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Come, Lord of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
 Give us Thyselv, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by Thee :
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And do the things that we believe.
- 4 May glory evermore be given
 To God the Father, high in heaven ;
 May God the Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 May equal adoration be,
 Eternal Spirit ! paid to Thee. Amen.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 C With all Thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys ;
 Our souls, how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys !

Sundays after Trinity.

3 In vain we strive to raise our songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 His love to kindle ours. Amen.

158

7.

1 **H**OLY Spirit, in our breast
 Grant that lively Faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
 To believe what Thou hast taught.

2 When around our sinking soul
 Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit Blest, the tempest still,
 And with Hope our bosom fill.

3 Holy Spirit, from our mind
 Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed and word impure, remove,
 And our bosom fill with Love.

4 Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
 Comforter, descend from Thee;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 All Thy gifts to us impart.

5 Glory to the Heavenly King,
 Glory, men and angels, sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

159

S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame,
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.
- 3 O happy servant he
In such attention found :
He shall his Lord with pleasure see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 4 Watch ;— 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we sing He's near.
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And watch with love and fear.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.
- 6 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

160

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! our happy home !
O name for ever dear !
When shall our labours have an end,
Thy glories all appear ?
...

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 When shall our eyes thy heavenly walls
And gates of pearl behold ;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around the Saviour stand :
May all we love in Christ below :
Be with that glorious band.
- 4 Jerusalem ! our happy home !
Our souls still long for thee ;
Our sorrows and our pains shall end,
When we thy joys shall see.
- 5 To Him Who left His Throne on high,
Man to thy joys to raise,
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Be everlasting praise. Amen.

161

8. 7.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, Whose Word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose .
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 4 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Blessings, like the Lord their Giver,
 Never fail from age to age.
- 5 Honour, virtue, might, dominion,
 To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One. Amen

162

L. M.

- 1 O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Thou Brightness of the Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night !
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Pour down Thy radiance from above ;
And to our inward hearts convey
 Thy Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 Do thou our actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bands of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And bring us to a prosperous end.
- 4 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control :
May guile depart and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.
- 5 And Thou shalt be our daily food,
 Our daily drink Thy precious blood ;
And thus the Spirit's calm excess
 Shall fill our souls with holiness.
- 6 Oh, hallowed be each coming day !
 Let meekness be our morning ray ;
And faithful love our noontide light ;
 And hope our sunset calm and bright.

Sundays after Trinity

7 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee. Amen.

163

C. M.

- 1 **A** LMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And plenteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Where'er the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our praises now be given,
Who in their blessed threefold love
Bear record sure in heaven. Amen.

St. Andrew's Day.

164

C. M.

- 1 O JESU, our redeeming Lord,
In Whom alone we live,
All glory for Thy saints to Thee,
Saviour of men, we give.
 - 2 All glory for Thy chosen band,
To whom the charge was given,
From land to land to publish peace,
And point the way to Heaven.
 - 3 All glory for Saint Andrew's faith,
Who sought Thy low abode,
And, warmed by love, his brother led
To Thee, the Lamb of God.
 - 4 For him we bless and praise Thy Name,
And humbly pray that we,
Strong in Thy faith, may follow him,
As he, Lord, follow'd Thee.
 - 5 Our Lord and God, Eternal Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.
-

St. Thomas' Day.

165

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, Who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant chide,
And bade the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side;

Conversion of St. Paul.

- 2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord ;
And from his hour of darkness draw
Faith in th' incarnate Word.
 - 3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh ! let us, Lord, the lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear.
 - 4 And grant that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve ;
But at the last their blessing share,
Who see not, yet believe.
 - 5 Our Lord and God, Eternal Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.
-

Conversion of St. Paul.

166

S. M.

- 1 O H ! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall our crown of glory be,
When we have borne the Cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below ;
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

- 4 Lord ! may that grace be ours,
Ever like them to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here ;
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give ;
And let us rest beneath Thy Feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.
- 6 Give to the Father praise,
Praise to the Holy Son,
Praise to the Holy Spirit's Name,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple,

COMMONLY CALLED

The Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin.

167

8. 7*s.*

- 1 IN His temple now behold Him,
See the long-expected Lord ;
Ancient prophets had foretold Him,
God has now fulfilled His word.
Now to praise Him, His redeemed
Shall break forth with one accord.

- 2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
"Tis the Incarnate God most High.

St. Matthias' Day.

3 Jesu, by Thy Presentation,
Thou Who cam'st in lowly mien,
Make us see our great salvation,
Make our hearts all pure within ;
O present us, in Thy glory,
To Thy Father pure and clean.

4 Prince and Author of salvation !
Be Thy boundless love our theme !
Jesu ! praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem ;
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of Majesty supreme. Amen.

St. Matthias' Day.

168

C. M.

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, Who didst command
The twelve Thy word to preach,
And willing flocks from every land
Collect, baptize, and teach.
- 2 By them Thy Church's fabric fair
We hail securely fram'd,
Thy holy rites establish'd there,
And there Thy truth proclaim'd.
- 3 And still as they to distant lands
By Thee commission'd went,
On other heads they laid their hands,
And on Thy mission sent.
- 4 Transmitted thus from age to age
In one unbroken line,
Ours is each sacramental pledge
Of grace and strength divine.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

- 5 Lord, give us faithful hearts to keep
Thine own appointed fold,
And with the shepherds of Thy sheep
Secure communion hold.
- 6 Our Lord and God, Eternal Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.
-

**The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin
Mary.**

169

104th.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Ye nations rejoice,
Pour forth adoration
On this blessed morn ;
An Angel to Mary
Hath raisèd his voice,
Declaring salvation,
For Christ shall be born.

2 The Lord hath fulfill'd
His wonderful sign,
The sign He declar'd
Of old should be done ;
A Virgin conceiving
By power divine,
Shall bear, as the Saviour
Of Israel, a Son.

St. Mark's Day.

- 3** Then raise the glad voice,
Ye nations and lands ;
Pour forth adoration,
Ye kindreds of earth ;
Let the mountains rejoice,
The floods clap their hands,
And God's great creation
Sing praise at His birth.
- 4** By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

St. Mark's Day.

170

8.8.7

- 1** SING to God in sweetest measure
Praise for those who spread the treasure
In the Holy Gospels shrined,—
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their declaration,
Love from God to lost mankind.
- 2** Thou, by Whom the words were given
For our light and guide to Heaven,
Spirit, on our darkness shine ;
Graft them in our hearts, increasing
Faith, Hope, Love, and Joy unceasing,
Till our hearts are wholly Thine !—

vn

St. Philip and St. James' Day.

- 3 Then shall thanks and praise ascending,
For Thy mercies without ending,
 Rise to Thee, Thou Lord of Love :
With Thy gracious aid defend us ;
Let Thy guiding light attend us,
 Till we join Thy Saints above. Amen.
-

St. Philip and St. James' Day.

171

C. M.

- 1 O JESU Lord, the Way, the Truth,
 The Life, the Crown of all
Who here on earth confess Thy Name ;
 O hear us when we call !
- 2 We bring to mind with grateful joy
 Thy servants who of old
Withstood the snares of earth and hell,
 And now Thy face behold ;
- 3 Who sought on earth the joys of prayer,
 And that communion knew,
Which saints and angels share above
 With those who seek it too.
- 4 Vouchsafe us, Lord, we pray Thee now,
 To us it may be given,
Like them to live and die in Thee,
 And with Thee rise to heaven.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

St. Barnabas the Apostle.

172

L. M.

- 1 O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee !
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.
 - 2 How sweet, within Thy house to raise,
With one accord our notes of praise,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.
 - 3 O may we love the House of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode !
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy !
 - 4 The world without may rage, but we
Will cling the closer, Lord, to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on heaven.
 - 5 To Thee, O Father, Thee, O Son,
And Thee, Blest Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
A song of endless thankful praise. Amen
-

St. John Baptist's Day.

See Hymn 11.

St. Peter's Day.

173

L. M.

- 1 CREATOR of the rolling flood !
In Whom Thy people hope alone ;
Who cam'st by Water and by Blood,
For man's offences to atone ;

St. James' Day.

- 2 Who from the labour of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build a glorious Church to Thee ;
- 3 Grant us, released from worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous Hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy sacred Rock to stand !
- 4 And when, our lifelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
Grant us to cast our burden down,
And rise, O Lord ! and follow Thee !
- 5 To Thee, in Whom Thy Saints delight,
Thy Church on earth, Thy heavenly host,
Be blessing, honour, glory, might ;
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

St. James' Day.

174

104th.

- 1 DISPOSER Supreme
And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine
The weak and the poor ;
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth,
Entrusting Thy riches
Which aye shall endure.

St. James' Day.

- 2 Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will ;
And swift as the winds
About the world go :
All full of Thy Presence,
While earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.
- 3 They thunder — their sound
It is, Christ the Lord !
Then Satan doth fear ;
His citadels fall !
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shatter'd
The Canaanites' wall.
- 4 Oh, loud be Thy trump,
And stirring the sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From sin's deadly sleep ;
May lights which Thou kindlest
In darkness around,
The dull soul awaken
Her vigils to keep !
- 5 All glory to Thee,
Who, hid from our sight,
Yet fillest with love
The vast infinite ;
And for us revealèd
As One and yet Three,
Dost call us from darkness
Thy glory to see. Amen.

St. Bartholomew's Day.

175

C. M.

- 1 HOW bless'd are they whose hearts are pure,
From guile their spirits free ;
To them shall God reveal Himself,
They shall His glory see.
- 2 Their simple souls upon His word,
In fullest light of love,
Place all their trust, and ask no more
Than guidance from above.
- 3 They who in faith unmixed with doubt
The engrafted word receive,
Whom the first sign of heavenly power
Persuades, and they believe ;
- 4 They, as they walk the painful world,
See hidden glories rise ;
Our God the sunshine of His love
Unfolds before their eyes.
- 5 For them far greater things than these
Doth Christ the Lord prepare ;
Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,
No human voice declare.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

St. Matthew's Day.

176

L. M.

- 1 LET all on earth with songs rejoice,
Let Heaven return the joyful voice,
And mindful of the Apostles' fame,
Their Sovereign Master's praise proclaim.
- 2 Thou, at Whose word they spread the light
Of Heavenly Truth o'er heathen night,
Lights of the world for evermore,—
Their light, O Lord, around us pour.
- 3 Lord, at Whose will to them was given
The key that shuts and opens Heaven,
Our chains unbind, our loss repair,
Oh! grant us grace to enter there.
- 4 Thou, in Whose might they spake the word,
Which cured disease and health restored,
To us its healing power prolong,
Support the weak, confirm the strong;
- 5 That when our earthly toil is done,
And faith in us hath victory won,
Thou may'st with them pronounce us blest,
And place us in Thine endless rest.
- 6 To Thee, O Father, Son, to Thee,
To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be still while ages last. Amen.

St. Michael and all Angels.

177

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

1 CHRIST, in highest Heaven enthroned,
In Thy Father's Love and Might,
By pure Spirits ever ownèd,
God of God and Light of Light ;
Thee 'mid Angel hosts we sing,
Thee, their Maker and their King !

2 All who circling round adore Thee,
All who bow before Thy Throne,
Burn with constant zeal before Thee,
Thy commands to carry down ;
To and fro from heaven above
Speed with messages of love.

3 They to aid the sick and dying
Sent from heaven do swiftly fly,
Grace divine and strength applying
In their mortal agony ;
Souls released from bondage here,
They to Paradise do bear.

4 Glorious God, let all adore Thee,
All on earth and all in heaven,
Every creature, bow before Thee,
Who hath all their being given,
Who by grace doth us restore :
Praise to Thee for evermore. Amen.

178

8. 7.

1 WHERE Angelic hosts adore Thee,
Thou, O God, in heaven dost reign ;
At Thy Word they rose around Thee,
And Thy Word doth them sustain.

St. Luke's Day.

- 2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending
At Thy throne, their homage pay ;
Flames of fire in strength excelling
Haste Thy pleasure to obey.
 - 3 Rang'd around in wondrous orders,
Thee they serve, their Lord and King,
Grant that in our cares and danger
They may timely succour bring.
 - 4 Praise to Thee, Who hast created
Earth and heaven, with all their host ;
Praise to Thee, O God most Mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
-

St. Luke's Day.

179

S. M.

- 1 **T**HEE, Saviour, Lord, we praise,
For him whose holy pen
Gave down the hymns of Thine own days
For us the sons of men !
- 2 Glory to God on high,
And peace upon the earth,
Goodwill to men be now proclaim'd,
As at 'Thy lowly birth.'
- 3 Thee, Lord, we magnify,
To Thee we raise our voice,
In Thee, our Saviour, King, and God,
May every soul rejoice.
- 4 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As in time past, and shall be so,
To all eternity. Amen.

- 1** **L**ET the Church of God rejoice
For the Apostles' fostering cares,
For the sounding of their voice,
For their preaching and their prayers.
- 2** These the Lord our God did choose
To the farthest lands to go :
These the Husbandman did use
Holiest seed on earth to sow.
- 3** In the New Jerusalem
Twelve foundations firm are laid :
On th' Apostles of the Lamb
Is the glorious building stay'd.
- 4** Firmly built on them, may we,
Bound to Christ, our Corner-Stone,
In the heavenly temple be
One in heart, in doctrine one.
- 5** Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Triune God, we Thee adore ;
Thee we praise with heavenly host,
Thee with them for evermore. Amen.

All Saints' Day.

- 1** **W**HO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing ;
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia ! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

All Saints' Day.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Cloth'd in God's own righteousness!
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still undimmed by earthly hand :
Whence come all this glorious band ?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng :
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified :
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more. Amen.

1 WHO are these in bright array ?
WThis unnumber'd white-robed throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Singing one triumphant song ?
“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
“ Blessing, honour, glory, power,
“ Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
“ New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Eternal Name :

Day of an Apostle.

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead ;
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fears ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears. Amen.
-

Day of an Apostle.

183

C. 1

- 1 **L**ORD, Who didst bless Thy chosen band
And forth commission'd send,
To spread Thy Name from land to land,
To Thee our hymns ascend.
- 2 The princes of Thy Church were they,
Chiefs unsubdu'd in fight,
Soldiers on earth of heaven's array,
The world's unerring light.
- 3 Theirs the firm faith of holy birth,
The hope that looks above,
And, trampling on the powers of earth,
Their Saviour's perfect love.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Day of an Evangelist.

184

L. M.

- 1 HERALDS of Christ, to every age,
Who open wide the Gospel page,
Unfolding all the wondrous plan
Of love divine to sinful man ;
- 2 Mysteries, which, beneath the law,
The holy prophets dimly saw ;
Ye now behold in open day,
For Christ removes all shades away.
- 3 The woes He bore, the words He taught,
The wondrous miracles He wrought ;
All this ye wrote, as God decreed,
That all posterity might read.
- 4 The self-same Spirit was your guide,
On Him your faithful minds relied ;
Oh ! may that Spirit still be given
To teach our hearts the laws of heaven !
- 5 Oh ! praise the Father, praise the Son,
Who victory o'er the grave hath won ;
And to the Spirit praise be given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven. Amen.

Morning Hymns.

185

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Morning Hymns.

- 2 Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if the last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King !
- 5 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Amen.

186

L. M

- 1 **A** LL praise to Thee Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will ;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Morning Hymns.

187

L. M.

- 1 **A** LL praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made :
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 2 The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight :
My soul, oh, lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great name !
- 3 Shine on me, Lord ; new life impart ;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :
One ray of Thy all-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
- 4 Oh, may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

188

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW whilst the sun is beaming bright,
To Thee, O God, we pray,
That Thine eternal light may guide
And cheer our souls this day.
- 2 Oh ! let not sin our hands defile,
Nor cause our minds to rove :
Upon our lips be simple truth,
And in our hearts Thy love.

Morning Hymns.

- 3 Throughout this day, O Christ, in Thee
 May ready help be found,
To save our souls from Satan's wiles,
 Who still keeps watch around.
- 4 And lest the flesh, rebellious, proud,
 Subdue the yielding soul,
May self-constraining temperance
 Our fleshly pride control.
- 5 So may a sacrifice of praise
 Our daily labour be :
And all our works in Thee begun,
 Be ended, Lord, in Thee.
- 6 To God the Father, with the Son,
 And with the Holy Ghost,
Eternal glory be from man,
 And from the angel host. Amen.

189

C. M.

- 1 O COME, and with the early morn
 Rise and lift up your voice :
In the great victory of the Lamb
 Let all the world rejoice.
- 2 He by His own most precious Blood
 Hath wash'd our sin away :
The veil is rent — the courts of heaven
 Their endless joys display.
- 3 Through Him shall all the sleeping dead
 Arise again to life ;
With Him in brighter worlds to dwell,
 Beyond this mortal strife.
- 4 Praise, therefore, to the Father be,
 And to the Eternal Son,
Who, quicken'd by the Spirit, hath
 O'er death the triumph won. Amen

142

Morning Hymns.

190

L. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One
Art with the Father and the Son;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

2 Let mind, and soul, and flesh combine
To herald forth our creed divine;
And love so wrap our mortal frame,
Others may catch the living flame.

3 Thou ever blessed, Three in One,
O Father and co-equal Son,
O Holy Ghost the Comforter,
This grace on Thy redeem'd confer. Amen.

191

L. M.

1 O FATHER, Who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do Thy will,
Bless us this day for Jesu's sake,
And for Thy work preserve us still.

2 O Son, Who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free;
Keep us this day with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with Thee.

3 O Holy Ghost, Who by Thy power
The church elect dost sanctify;
Save us this day, and hour by hour
Our hearts and members purify.

4 To Thee, in Whom Thy Saints delight,
Thy Church on earth, Thy heavenly host,
Be blessing, honour, glory, might;
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Morning Hymns.

192

L. M

- 1 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to renew;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.
 - 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O may we cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And gladly do Thy holy will.
 - 3 O may we bear Thine easy yoke;
With patience watch, with fervour pray;
And still to things eternal look
Through all the duties of the day.
 - 4 Whate'er Thy bounteous hand hath given,
For Thee, O God, we would employ.
And, looking for our rest in heaven,
Serve Thee on earth with holy joy. Amen.
-

Evening Hymns.

193

L. M

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
A For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty Wings!
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;

Evening Hymns.

- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose !
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

194

7a.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine,
Thou didst cause the light to shine,
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth
O'er Thy new-created earth.
- 2 Noon-tide light and morning ray,
Took from Thee the name of day ;
Now again the night is nigh,
Listen to our evening cry.
- 3 May we ne'er by guilt depressed,
Lose our way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Guide us on the road to life.
- 5 Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days,
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

Evening Hymns.

195

L. M.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with us from morn till eve,
For without Thee we cannot live;
Abide with us when night is nigh,
For without Thee we dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.
- 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. **Amen**

Evening Hymns.

196

C. M.

- 1 **A**S now the sun's declining rays
 Towards the eve descend ;
E'en so our years are sinking down
 To their appointed end.
- 2 Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretch'd
 To draw us to the sky :
Grant us, good Lord, that Cross to love,
 And in thine Arms to die.
- 3 To God the Father, with the Son,
 And with the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
 And from the heavenly host. Amen

197

L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, Thy throne above
 No time can change, no power can move
The fleeting hours Thy word obey,
 In ceaseless course by night and day.
- 2 Oh, when the night of death is near
 With Thy bright beam our spirits cheer :
And grant us then the day to see,
 And live in endless light with Thee.
- 3 O, Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy guiding presence we implore ;
 That we may praise Thee evermore. Amer.

Evening Hymns.

198

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW that the daylight dies away,
Ere we lie down to sleep,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To own us and to keep.
- 2 Let dreams depart, and visions fly,
The offspring of the night;
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foe's despite.
- 3 This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,
Father, co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

199

S. M.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, abide with us ;
The day is now far gone :
We would obtain a blessing thus,
By coming to Thy throne.
- 2 We have not reach'd that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Where suns can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore !
- 4 Praise Christ, the only Son !
Praise to the Father give !
Praise to the Spirit ! One alone
In Whom alone we live. Amen.

148

Holy Communion.

200

L. M.

- 1 MY God, and is Thy Table spread,
And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes !
Rich Banquet of His Flesh and Blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food !
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for you the Victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 O let Thy Table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred Pledges tastes.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory ; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

201

C. M.

- 1 O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel ;
And thus inspir'd with holy fear
Before Thine Altar kneel.
- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The Streams that through the desert flow
The Manna from above.

Holy Communion.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
 To feast on heavenly Food ;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord ;
 Our drink, His precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy words obey,
 For we, O God, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
 Renew'd with strength divine.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

202

6 of 7a

1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
 For Thy Flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
 With this true and living Bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied
 Through the life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of heaven ! Thy Blood supplies
 This blest cup of Sacrifice ;
Lord, Thy Wounds our healing give ;
 To Thy Cross we look and live :
Jesu ! may we ever be
 Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

203

10a.

1 THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee ;
 Who in Thy Sacrament dost deign to be.
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
 Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

Ember Days.

- 2 O blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford !
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee ;
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.
- 3 Fountain of Goodness ! Jesu, Lord and God !
Cleanse us, unclean, with 'Thy most cleansing
Blood.
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence
flow.
- 4 O Christ ! Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee, and see with unveil'd face
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

* * * *Also, Hymn 79.*

Ember Days.

204

L. M.

- 1 L ORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,
Firmness and meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

Ember Days.

- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.
- 5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
They may in hope their charge resign :
So when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

205

S. M.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues, -
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 3 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 4 O Lord ! send forth Thy truth,
Make known Thy Name abroad,
Till all the nations shall behold
Their Saviour and their God.
- 5 From all the heavenly host,
And all on earth below,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let endless praises flow. Amen.

Rogation Days.

206

L. M.

- 1 O KING of Kings, O Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease ;
One is our Father, One our Lord,
One body, spirit, hope, reward :
 - 2 One God and Father of us all,
On Whom Thy church and people call ,
Oh, may we one communion be,
One with each other, one with Thee.
 - 3 Bless those whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things ;
Thy bishops, priests, and deacons bless,
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
 - 4 Let many in the judgment day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear ;
Save those who preach and those who hear.
 - 5 So may we join the song of love
Which saints and angels sing above ;
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Great Trinity in Unity. Amen.
-

Rogation Days.

207

7s.

- 1 FATHER, Thou Whose love and care
All Thy wondrous works declare,
Ever Blessed One and Three,
Hear our plaintive cry to Thee

153

Rogation Days.

- 2 Joy and grief to Thee we bring,
Fasting while Thy praise we sing ;
Hear, and banish from our hearts
All that from Thy favour parts.
- 3 Feeble, Lord, are we, and faint ;
Purge us from sin's withering taint ;
Sloth and self-indulgence vile,
Let them not our souls defile.
- 4 Lord, on us Thy blessings shower,
In this solemn fasting hour,
Blessings from Thy Throne above,
Fount of pity, Fount of love.
- 5 Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days,
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

208

7s.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, Whose Dying Love
Now Thy Saints recall to mind,
Hear us, bless us from above ;
Let us all Thy mercy find.
- 2 Let Thy Blood, to us applied,
Every sinner's pardon seal ;
All in Thee be sanctified ;
Every soul Thy comfort feel !
- 3 By Thine Agony of pain,
By Thy Precious Blood we pray ;
Cleanse our hearts from every stain ;
Take our load of guilt away :
- 4 Burst our bonds and set us free ;
Bid our fear and sorrow cease ;
O remember Calvary !
Saviour ! bid us go in peace. Amen.

Rogation Days.

209

8. 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD Almighty, God of nations,
From Thy Temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their protection rise.
- 2 **L**o ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy Feet we bend ;
Hear us praying, fasting, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' Blood can cleanse from all.
- 4 Let that Love hide our transgression,
Let that Blood our guilt efface,
Save Thy people from oppression,
God of Love and Power and Grace. Amen.

210

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **O** THOU Who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on Thee, and mourn
On Thee Whom we have slain—
Whom we have pierc'd a thousand times,
And by our oft-repeated crimes
Renewed Thy deadly pain.
- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith, to see
The Man transfixed on Calvary,
To know Thee Who Thou art—
The One Eternal God and True !
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break each stubborn heart.

Foundation and Consecration of a Church.

3 O let Thy dying love constrain
Our souls to love their God again,
Their Lord to glorify ;
That we may come Thy cross to share,
Join in Thy sacrificial prayer,
And with our Saviour die. Amen.

**For Foundation and Consecration of a
Church.**

211

148th

1 CHRIST is our corner stone,
On Him we surely build ;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled.
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 Oh ! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring .
Our voices we will raise
The Triune God to sing :
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh .
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Foundation and Consecration of a Church.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore.

Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

5 Praise to the God of heaven,
Praise to His only Son,
And praise to Him be given
Who joins them both in One:
The Heavenly Dove,
Who makes us meet
For the blest seat
Of God above. Amen.

1 THOU, Heavenly New Jerusalem,
Vision of peace in prophet's dream !
With living stones built up on high,
And rising to yon starry sky ;
In bridal pomp thy form is crown'd,
With thousand thousand angels round !

2 O Bride, betrothed in happy hour,
Thy Father's glory is thy dower !
Thy Bridegroom's grace is shed on thee,
Thou Queen all fair, eternally !
To Christ allied, thy Prince ador'd,
Bright shining City of the Lord !

3 Behold ! with pearls they glittering stand !
Thy peaceful gates to all expand !

Foundation and Consecration of a Church.

By grace and strength divinely shed,
Each mortal thither may be led,
Who, kindled by Christ's love, will dare
All earthly suff'rings now to bear.

- 4 By many a salutary stroke,
By many a weary blow that broke
Or polished, with a workman's skill,
The stones that form that glorious pile,
They all are fitly framed to lie
In their appointed place on high !
- 5 Fair and well pleasing in Thy sight,
Father most high, enthron'd in light !
And for Thine Only Son most meet,
And Thee, all glorious Paraclete.
To Whom praise, power, and glory rise,
For ever through the eternal skies. Amen.

1 L ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy Love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

Thanksgiving for Harvest.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each overcomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat
Of God our King;
Lord, thither bring
Our willing feet!

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence,
With gifts His hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence
He shall bestow
Upon our race
His loving grace,
And glory too.

5 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

Harvest Hymns.

214

C. M.

1 FATHER of Mercies, God of Love,
Whose gifts all creatures share!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care

W.E.

Thanksgiving for Harvest.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord! was Thine!
 The seasons knew Thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
 The summer dews to fall.
- 4 The Hand unseen that works above
 Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns Thy Love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Oh, ne'er may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook Thy bounteous care;
But what our Father's Hand imparts,
 Still own in praise and prayer!
- 6 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
 Our showers more genial fall;
When all our hearts and lives are Thine,
 And Thou adored in all. Amen.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Hand, that freely gives
 The fruits of earth, our toil to bless!
O Love, by which the sinner lives!
 Oh, let our tongues that Love confess!
- 2 Our God for all our need provides;
 His sun o'er all alike doth shine;
From none his glorious beams he hides:
 So wills the Father's Love Divine.

Thanksgiving for Harvest.

- 3 Again His Love our garner fills,
 This Love again let all adore :
The cry of want His bounty stills,
 Who biddeth all His Name implore.
- 4 Oh, may our lives through grace abound
 In fruits of holiness and love ;
Let all His courts with praise resound,
 To echo Angels' praise above !
- 5 O Lord ! when Thou shalt come from Heav'n,
 Thy ripened harvest here to reap,
In that bless'd day Thy joy be giv'n
 To us, who now go forth to weep !
- 6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him above, Angelic Host ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

- 1 THE angel comes, he comes to reap
 The harvest of the Lord ;
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
 He waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they in sheaves to bide
 The fire of vengeance bound ?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
 Choked the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they reserved in store
 God's treasure-house to fill ?
The wheat, a hundredfold that bore
 Amid surrounding ill.

Holy Baptism.

- 4 O King of Mercy! grant us power
The fiery wrath to flee;
In Thy destroying angel's hour
O gather us to Thee!
 - 5 To Jesus, Judge of quick and dead,
All glory now be given;
The Son of Man, the Church's Head,
The First in earth and heaven. Amen.
-

Holy Baptism.

217

- 1 I AMB of God! for sinners slain,
By Thy mercy born again,
For Thy guidance still we pray,
Lest from grace we fall away.
- 2 By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the Water and the Blood,
Washed and sanctified to Thee,
Pure and holy let us be.
- 3 Aid us with Thy daily grace,
Steadfastly to run our race;
Grant us victory in the strife,
And the prize of endless life.
- 4 Glory, praise, from all on earth,
To the God of our new birth;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Holy Baptism.

218

8. 7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Keep them safe from ever roving,
Let them not be Satan's prey ;
Let Thy watchful care so loving
Keep them through life's dangerous way :
- 4 Then, within Thy fold in Heaven,
Let them find their rest above ;
Feed in pastures by Thee given,
Drink the rivers of Thy love.
- 5 Honour, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

* * * *Also, Hymn 48.*

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;
 Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;
 Turn not Thy suppliant flock away.

2 Lord, in this world of want and pain,
 Let us not seek Thy rest in vain :
 Quench in our souls the fires of sin,
 And keep Thy children pure within.
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay,
 Turn not Thy suppliant flock away. Amer.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ ! arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :

Missions.

- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.
- 5 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

* * * *Also, Hymns 102, 103, 104.*

Missions.

221

8 of 7. 6.

1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Missions.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of light deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name !

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story !
And you, ye waters, roll !
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign ! Amen.

* * * *Also, Hymns 40, 41. 43.*

SUPPLEMENT.

Sunday Morning.

222

- 1 **M**ORN of morns, and Day of days,
 Silent as the morning rays,
From the sepulchre's dark prison,
 Christ the Light of light hath risen.
- 2 He hath spoken, and His word,
 Death and hell and darkness heard ;
O ! shall we, more deaf than they,
 In the chains of evil stay ?
- 3 Whilst in shadow nature lies,
 Let the sons of Light arise ;
And amid life's twilight dim,
 Join the everlasting hymn.
- 4 While the dead world sleeps around,
 Let the House of God resound ;
And our voices jubilant,
 Praise the Lord with joyous chant.
- 5 Thus to hearts in slumber weak
 Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;
And a heavenward walk express
 Our new life of righteousness.
- 6 Send Thy blessing from above,
 O ! Thou fount of life and love,
Thou Who dost the Spirit give,
 Bidding the dead heart to live.
- 7 Glory to the Father, Son,
 And to Thee, O Holy One,
By Whose quickening Breath divine,
 Our dull spirits burn and shine. Amen.

Evening Hymns.

223

Evening Hymns.

7.6.7.6.8.8.

- 1 THE day is past and over :
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee :
We pray Thee now, that sinless
The hours of night may be :
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.
- 2 The joys of day are over :
We lift our heart to Thee ;
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of night may be :
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over :
We raise the hymn to Thee :
And ask, that free from peril
The hours of night may be :
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.
- 4 Be Thou our soul's defender,
O Lord, for Thou dost know,
Throughout the hours of darkness
How sleepless is our foe :
Thou ever wakeful, hear our prayer,
And keep us in thy mighty care. Amen.

224

10a.

- 1 A BIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord with me
abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close is ebbing life's short day.
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories fade away ;
Change and decay on all around I see :
O Thou that changest not, abide with me.

Evening Hymns.

- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
Naught but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ;
None but Thyself my guide and stay can be ;
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
me.
- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Sustain my soul in death's last agonies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's long
shadows flee :
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.
Amen.

225

6 of 8.

- 1 SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go :
Thy word into our mind instil ;
And make our lukewarm heart to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu ! be our light.
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumph grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord ! from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, &c.

Holy Week.

- 4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
 Sweet fear and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day, &c.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
 Ah ! never let our work be soiled
 With strife, nor by deceit ensnared.
 Through life's long day, &c.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful,—unto Thee we call ;
 O let thy mercy make us glad :
 Thou art our Jesus and our All !
 Through life's long day, &c.
- 7 Sweet Saviour ! bless us ; night is come,
 Throughout its darkness near us be ;
 Good angels watch about our home ;
 And we are one day nearer Thee !
 Through life's long day and death's dark night
 O gentle Jesu ! be our light. Amen.

Holy Week.

226

- 1 JESU ! meek and lowly,
 Saviour, pure and holy,
 On thy love relying,
 Hear us humbly crying.

Palm Sunday.

- 2 Prince of life and power,
Our salvation's tower,
On the Cross we view Thee,
Calling sinners to Thee.
 - 3 There behold us gazing
At the sight amazing,
Prostrate down before Thee,
Helpless we adore Thee.
 - 4 See the red wounds gleaming,
With Thy life's blood streaming ;
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing.
 - 5 By that fount of blessing ;
Thy dear love expressing,
All our aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.
 - 6 Lord, in mercy guide us,
Be Thou e'er beside us ;
In Thy way direct us,
'Neath Thy wing protect us. Amen.
-

Palm Sunday.

227

L.M.

- 1 RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry :
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp, ride on to die !
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The Angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire Throne, .
Expects His Own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.
Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

228

7.6

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, toil and care :
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.
O gracious retribution,
Brief toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the Blest !
- 2 Awhile we fight the battle,
And then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :
And He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

Sundays after Trinity.

3 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day :
There Christ, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever
 And worship face to face. Amen.

229

7.6

- 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear Country !
 Mine eyes their vigils keep :
For very love beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep .
The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O onely mansion !
 O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banisht,
 And smiles have no alloy :
Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small :
The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall.
- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardis and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays :
Thy ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 The Corner-stone is Christ.

Sundays after Trinity.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the Victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower. Amen.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice opprest ;
Thy joys, when I would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints :
And vainly would it image
Th' assembly of the Saints.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And many a Martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are deckt in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil releast,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Sundays after Trinity.

4 Jerusalem the glorious !
 The glory of the elect !
O dear and future vision !
 That eager hearts expect :
O land that sees no sorrow !
 O state that fears no strife !
O princely bow'rs ! O Land of flow'rs !
 O realm and home of life ! Amen.

231

P.M.

1 THOU, whose Almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
“ Let there be light ! ”

2 Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and light ;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
“ Let there be light ! ”

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight !
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
“ Let there be light ! ”

4 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide,
“ Let there be light ! ” Amen. vte

232

C.1

- 1 **A** LL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrows vex the mind,
Or sins the soul oppress:
- 2 Jesus, Who gave Himself for you,
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His sacred Heart,
Oh ! to that Heart draw nigh !
- 3 Ye hear how kindly He invites ;
Ye hear His Words so blest ;
“ All ye that labour, come to Me,
And I will give you rest.”
- 4 O Jesu ! Joy of Saints on high,
Thou Hope of sinners here ;
Led onward by those loving Words,
To Thee we lift our prayer :
- 5 Wash Thou our wounds in that dear blood
Which from Thy Side did flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow. Amen.

233

P.1

- 1 **N**OW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done ;
In whom His world rejoices :
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blest us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplext,
And free us from all ill
In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest Heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

234

P.M.

- 1 THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia.
2 To the glory of their King
Shall the ransom'd people sing, Alleluia.
3 And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia.
4 They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia.
5 The planets beaming on their heav'ly way,
The shining constellations join, and say
Alleluia.
6 Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 7 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia.
- 8 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia.
- 9 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia.
- 10 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Alleluia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Alleluia.
- 11 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry, Alleluia.
Ye tracts of earth and continents reply
Alleluia.
- 12 To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia.
- 13 This is the strain, th' eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves: Alleluia.
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
the King approves: Alleluia.
- 14 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, Alleluia.
And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia.

Sundays after Trinity.

- 15 Now from all men be out-poured
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
- 16 Praise be done to the Three in One.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

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P.M

- 1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where faithful hearts and pure,
Releas'd from sin and pain,
For ever rest secure,
Till Christ shall come again.
- 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where faithful hearts, &c.
- 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
We long to sin no more,
We long to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where faithful hearts, &c.
- 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
We long to see above
The mansions that our dearest Lord
Prepares for those that love;
Where faithful hearts, &c.

Sundays after Trinity.

5 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
 'Tis weary waiting here ;
 We long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near ;
 Where faithful hearts and pure,
 Releast from sin and pain,
 For ever dwell secure,
 Till Christ shall come again. Amen.

P.M

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1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

3 Then let my way appear
 Steps unto Heaven,
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Hymn for Harvest.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woe to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee. Amen.

Hymn for Harvest.

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6 of 8.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest ! once again
 We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts, supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.
- 2 The bare dead grain in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnisht by the King of kings :
So, Lord ! to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task :
So shall thine angels, at the last,
The tares into the furnace cast ;
The righteous then, with light divine,
Shall in their Father's kingdom shine.

Hymn for Friendly Society.

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers are said,
As Thou hast taught, for "daily bread :"
But not alone our body feed,
Supply our fainting spirit's need :
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou our Comfort, Food, and Stay !

Amen.

Hymn for Friendly Society.

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L.M.

- 1 OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirit shall rejoice ;
Assembled here with one accord,
We'll praise Him with one heart and voice.
- 2 God of our hope ! to Thee we bow ;
Thou art our refuge in distress ;
The Husband of the widow, Thou !
The Father of the fatherless !
- 3 May we the Christian law fulfil,
And bear each other's burdens here ;
And thus unite to do Thy will,
In perfect love and holy fear.
- 4 Grant that our union here begun,
May ever firm and lasting be ;
Around Thy throne may we be one,
One with each other, one with Thee. Amen.

Psalms.

PSALM I.

- 1 HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

PSALM V.

- 1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r ;
To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.
- 2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To Thee devoutly pray.
- 3 But when Thy boundless grace shall me
To Thy loved courts restore,
On Thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

Psalms.

- 4 To righteous men the righteous Lord
 His blessing will extend,
And with His favour all His saints,
 As with a shield, defend.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

PSALM VIII.

- 1 O THOU, to Whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou,
 How glorious is Thy Name !
- 2 In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there ;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 O Thou, to Whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou,
 How glorious is Thy Name !
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

PSALM IX.

- 1 TO celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare ;
To all the list'ning world Thy works,
 Thy wondrous works, declare.

Psalms.

- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring ;
Whilst to Thy Name, O Thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have His goodness prov'd
Will in His truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on His help relied.
- 4 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, His abode ;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

PSALM XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?
Must I for ever mourn ?
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,
Oh ! never to return ?
- 2 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath Thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring :
- 3 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To Thee, my God, ascend ;
Who to Thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

Psalms.

PSALM XVI.

- 1 PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
And shield me, Lord, from harm,
Because my trust I still repose
On Thy Almighty arm.
- 2 My soul all help but Thine does slight,
All gods but Thee disown ;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite
The goodness Thou hast shown.
- 3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
And love the thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer
Shall be my chief delight.

PSALM XVIII.

- 1 NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in Thy mighty pow'r :
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.
- 3 To Thee I will address my pray'r,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

PSALM XIX.

- 1 THE heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

Psalms.

- 2 The dawn of each returning day
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
 And from the dark returns of night
 Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
 Through earth's extent display ;
 Whose bright contents the circling sun
 Does round the world convey.

PSALM XXI.

- 1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
 Shall in Thy strength rejoice ;
 With Thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
 To heav'n his cheerful voice.
- 2 For Thou, whate'er his lips request,
 Not only dost impart ;
 But hast with Thy acceptance blest
 The wishes of his heart.
- 3 Thy sure defence thro' nations round
 Has spread his glorious name ;
 And his successful actions crown'd
 With majesty and fame.

PSALM XXII.

- 1 MY God, my God, why leav'st Thou me
 When I with anguish faint ?
O why so far from me remov'd,
 And from my loud complaint ?
- 2 All day, but all the day unheard,
 To Thee do I complain ;
With cries implore relief all night,
 But cry all night in vain.

Psalms.

- 3 Yet Thou art still the righteous Judge
 Of innocence oppress'd;
And therefore Israel's praises are
 Of right to Thee address'd.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide.
The Shepherd by Whose constant care
 My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass He makes me feed,
 And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 And, to His endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
 In His most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free;
For there His aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God does thus His wondrous love
 Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
 And in His temple spend.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

Psalms.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 T And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the path of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee. Amen.

PSALM XXV.

- 1 TO God, in whom I trust,
 T I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

Psalms.

- 2 To me Thy truth impart,
And lead me in Thy way;
For Thou art He that brings me help,
On Thee I wait all day.
- 3 Thy mercies and Thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As Thou wert ever, kind.

PSALM XXXI.

- 1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in Thee;
As just and righteous is Thy Name,
From danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down Thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do Thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.
- 3 To Thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For Thou preserv'dst me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

PSALM XXXIV.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of
life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

Psalms.

- 3 O Magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name ;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

PSALM XXXVIII.

- 1 THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all ;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of Thy displeasure fall.
- 2 In ev'ry wretched part of me
Thy arrows deep remain ;
Thy heavy hand's affliction weight
I can no more sustain.
- 3 And with continual grief oppress
To sink I now begin :
To Thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To Thee bewail my sin.

Psalms.

- 4 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart ;
Make haste to my relief, O Thou,
Who my salvation art.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

PSALM XL.

- 1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till He vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;
Who did His gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
- 2 The wonders He for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise ;
And others, to His worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
- 3 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies ;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

PSALM XLII.

- 1 A S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine !

Psalms.

- 3 Why restless, why cast down my soul ?
 Trust God Who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

PSALM XLIII.

- 1 LET me with light and truth be blest,
 Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
 And in Thy sacred temple pray.
- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
 To God, who is my only joy ;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul ? and why
 So much oppressed with anxious care ?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM XLVI.

- 1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when dangers press ;
In Him undaunted we'll confide.
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide ;

Psalms.

- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our God shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most High.
God dwells in Zion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
 While His Almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
 And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory : as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more. Amen.

PSALM XLVIII.

- 1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
 And greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whose happy mount
 His sacred throne is rais'd.
- 2 According to Thy sov'reign Name,
 Thy praise through earth extends ;
Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides,
 Chastises or defends.
- 3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound,
 Her daughters all be taught
In songs His judgments to extol,
 Who this deliv'rance wrought.

PSALM LI.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.

Psalms.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

4 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

5 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

6 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

PSALM LVII.

1 O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake, my glory, harp, and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute :
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Psalms.

- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round :
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.
- 5 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

PSALM LVII.

- 1 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so Thy wondrous ways
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Psalms.

5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

PSALM LVII.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On Thy protection I depend ;
And to Thy wing for shelter haste,
Till this outrageous storm is past.
- 2 **T**o Thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou sov'reign Judge and God most high,
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave Thy work undone.
- 3 From heav'n protect me by Thine arm,
And shame all those who seek my harm ;
To my relief Thy mercy send,
And truth, on which my hopes depend.

PSALM LXI.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r,
Which I, oppress'd with grief,
From earth's remotest parts address
To Thee for kind relief.
- 2 **O** lodge me safe beyond the reach
Of persecuting pow'r ;
Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes
Hast been my shelt'ring tow'r.
- 3 So shall I ever sing Thy praise,
Thy Name for ever bless ;
Devote my prosp'rous days to pay
The vows of my distress.

Psalms.

PSALM LXIII.

- 1 O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant :
My fainting flesh implores Thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore His Name :
My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy His praise proclaim.
- 3 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind ;
And when I wake in dead of night :
Because Thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXV.

- 1 FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, Thy chosen seat ;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O Thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend Thy list'ning ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

Psalms.

PSALM LXVIII.

- 1 A SCENDING high, in triumph Thou
 A Captivity hast captive led,
 And on Thy people didst bestow
 The spoil of armies, once their dread.
- 2 E'en rebels shall partake Thy grace,
 And humble proselytes repair
 To worship at Thy dwelling-place,
 And all the world pay homage there.
- 3 For benefits each day bestow'd,
 Be daily His great Name ador'd ;
 Who is our Saviour and our God,
 Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
 Our pray'rs to Thee vouchsafe to hear ;
 Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
 Again in solemn state appear.
- 2 O Thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How long shall Thy fierce anger burn ?
 How long Thy suff'ring people pray,
 And to their pray'rs have no return ?
- 3 Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
 The lustre of Thy face display ;
 And all the ills we suffer now,
 Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of Thy face !

Psalms.

2 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view Thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee, the living God.

3 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
 And there Thy praise display !

4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
 Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to Thy dwelling lead !

5 For God, who is our sun and shield,
 Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will He withhold
 From them that justly live.

6 Thou God, whom heav'ly hosts obey,
 How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
 Is still repos'd on Thee !

PSALM XC.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and defence
 Of all Thy chosen race ;
From age to age Thou still hast been
 Our sure abiding place.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
 Or Thou the earth didst frame ;
Thou always wert the mighty God,
 And ever art the same.

Psalms.

- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 Of which he first was made;
And when Thou speak'st the word, Return,
 'Tis instantly obeyed.
- 4 For in Thy sight a thousand years
 Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night
 Whose hours unminded waste.
- 5 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
 Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
 May ever be inclined.
- 6 The Father's Name we loudly raise,
 The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God we praise,
 Both now and evermore. Amen.

PSALM XCI

- 1 **H**E that has God his guardian made,
 Shall under th' Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
Thus to my soul of Him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
 My God, in Whom I will confide.
- 2 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
 And on the Highest dost rely :
Therefore no ill shall thee befall,—
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
 Any infectious plague draw nigh.

Psalms.

- 3 For He, throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways
Shall give His angels strict command :
And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory ; as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more. Amen.

PSALM XCV.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.
- 3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King, superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Psalms.

5 Praise God from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

PSALM XCVII.

- 1 YOU, who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem ;
He'll keep His servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.
- 2 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just ;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.
- 3 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord :
Memorials of His holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

- 1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done ;
With His right hand and holy arm
The conquest He has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd His saving might,
And made His righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

Psalms.

PSALM C.

- 1 **A** LL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
 Without our aid He did us make ;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter, then, His gates with praise ;
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
 Be glory ; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

PSALM C.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before Him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
 From Whom both we and all proceed ;
 We whom He chooses for His own,
 The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
22

Psalms.

- 3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.
- 5 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

PSALM CIII.

- 1 MY soul inspired with sacred love,
God's Holy Name for ever bless ;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing 'mercy flows apace.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

Psalms

- 5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as fear Him always loved.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory ; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen

PSALM CIV.

- 1 MY soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of His Name.
O Lord our great God,
How dost Thou appear?
So passing in glory,
That great is Thy fame,
Honour and majesty
In Thee shine most clear.
- 2 With light as a robe
Thou hast Thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see :
The heavens in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.
- 3 Thy chamber-beams lie
In the clouds full sure,
Which as Thy chariots
Are made Thee to bear :
And there with much swiftness
Thy course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding
Of winds in the air.

Psalms.

4 Thou makest Thy spirits
As heralds to go,
And lightnings to serve
We see also prest ;
Thy will to accomplish,
They run to and fro,
To save or consume things
As seemeth Thee best.

5 By angels in heaven
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd ;
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

PSALM CVI.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from Thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what 's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford :
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

Psalms.

- 5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.
- 6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

PSALM CVIII.

- 1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy Name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.
- 2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing Thy praise
That round about us dwell :
- 3 Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

PSALM CXIII.

- 1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His Name record ;
His sacred Name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address.

Psalms.

- 2 God through the world extends His sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are.
With Him, Whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory: as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.
Amen.

PSALM CXVII.

- 1 WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise :
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth
Sing solemn hymns of praise.
 - 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.
 - 3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Psalms.

PSALM CXVII.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell beneath the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth inspires Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

PSALM CXXI.

- 1 **T**O SION'S hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.
- 3 From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still ;
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

Psalms.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

PSALM CXXX.

- 1 MY soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
- 2 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

PSALM CXXXVI.

- 1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To Him due praise afford:
As good as He is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.
- 2 By His Almighty Hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens by His command
Were to perfection brought:

Psalms.

For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

- 3 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live :
To God Who reigns on high
Eternal praises give :
For God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

- 4 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest :
For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end. Amen.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim ;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless Thy holy Name.
- 2 I'll worship at Thy sacred seat ;
And, with Thy love inspir'd,
The praises of Thy truth repeat,
O'er all Thy works admir'd.
- 3 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state ;
And, mindful of His favours past,
Shall His own work complete.

Psalms.

PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1 Y E boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing His praise.
- 2 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came,
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.
- 3 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey ;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.
- 4 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Thrice in One,
All worship be address ;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

Psalms.

PSALM CXLIX.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them His great Name
Extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with His salvation
The humble to bless.
- 3 By angels in heaven
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

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LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

BV379.C82 1988
The Church hymnal :
Andover-Harvard

000000124



3 2044 077 878 072

